

DAILY SERVICE TO TOKYO

PAN AMERICAN

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CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD

BACARDI

Carta Blanca

RUM

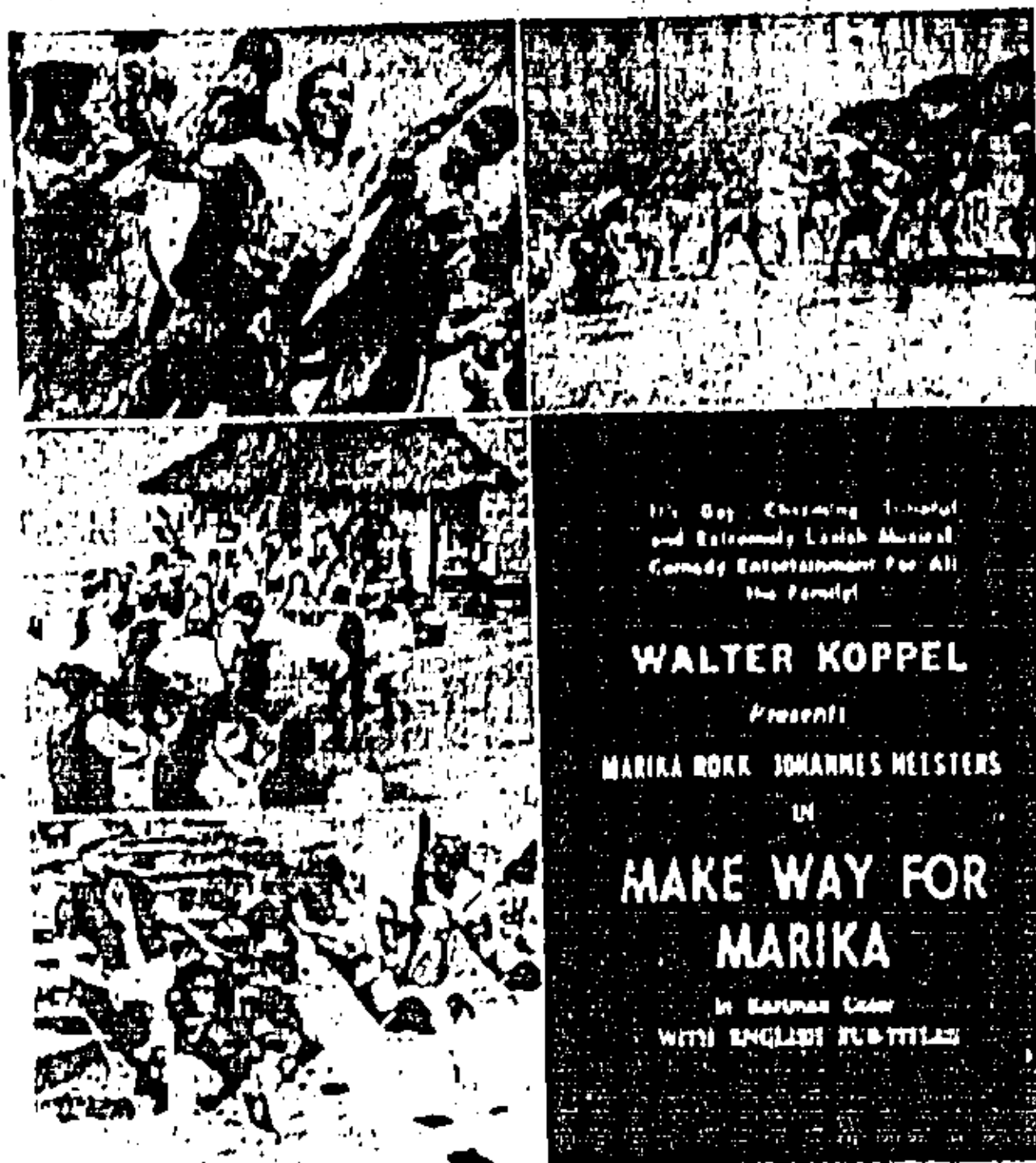


"BACARDI COCKTAIL"
1 measure Bacardi Rum
Juice of 1/2 lime (or
lemon) 2 dashes
Grenadine Syrup. Shake
well with cracked ice
and strain.

Imported by
CALDBECK, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.
52, CHALFONTS ROAD, N.W.

KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY



WALTER KOPPEL

MARIKA ROKK JOHANNES HEESTERS

MAKE WAY FOR

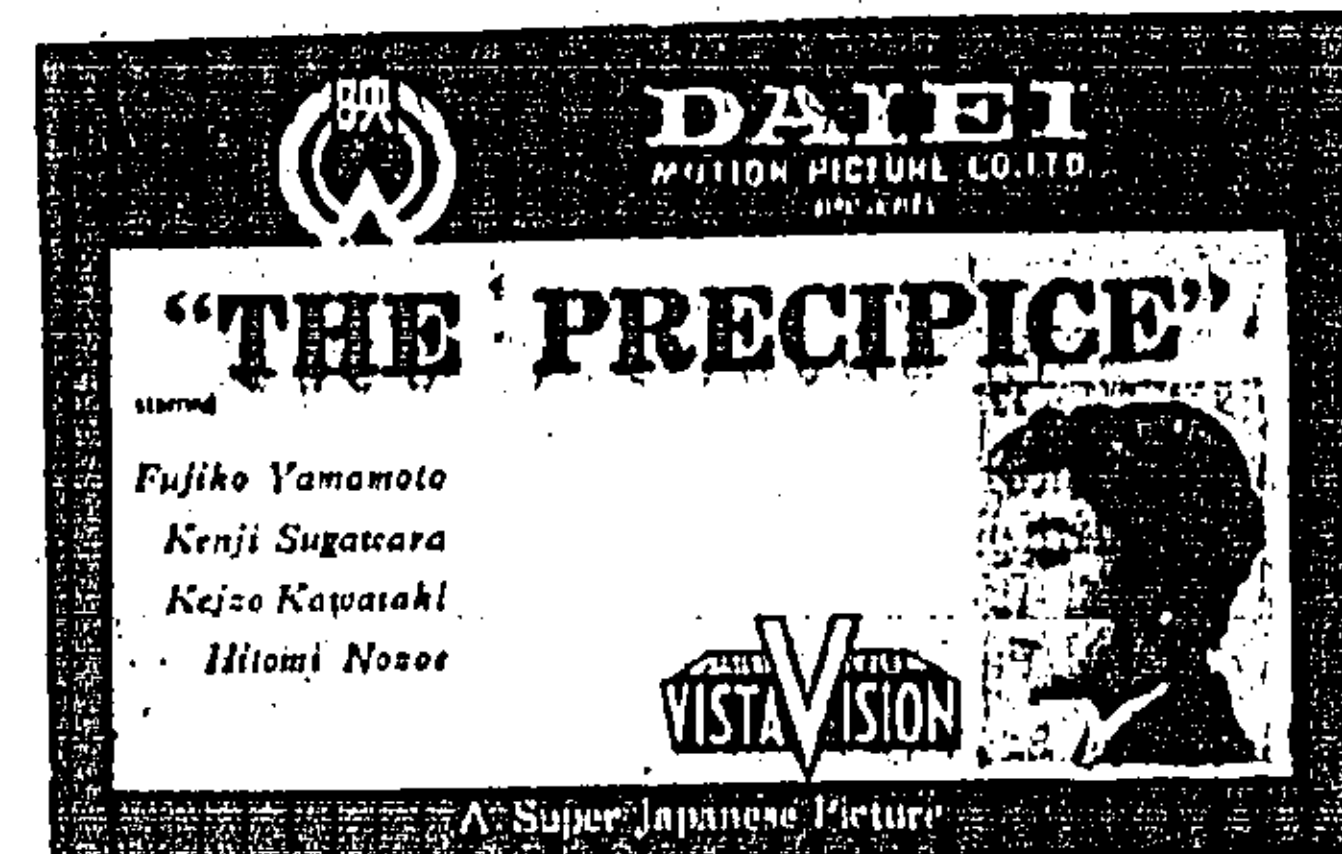
MARIKA

WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS
At Reduced PricesTO-DAY at 12.30 p.m. Clark Gable & Susan Hayward
in "SOLDIER OF FORTUNE"To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. "WOODPECKER & VARIETY
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS"To-morrow at 12.30 p.m.
"THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN"

STAR METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
WINNER OF 5 AWARDS
IN THE 6TH FILM FESTIVAL IN ASIA!Directed by YASUZO MASUMURA
Produced by MASASHI NAGATA
(Of "Rashomon", "Gate of Hell" and "Ugetsu" Fame)

With Superimposed English Sub-titles

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.

PARAMOUNT M. G. M.
LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMMESTAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
20th Century-Fox presents
In CinemaScope & Color
"SEA WIFE"
Starring: Joan Collins
Richard Burton"TO CATCH A THIEF"
In Technicolor

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.ROXY & BROADWAY: 3 Shows To-morrow
Extra Performance of
"THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN"
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m. WALT DISNEY'S TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced PricesFILMS CURRENT & COMING
by ANTHONY FULLER

THE ROXY and Broadway
bring to the screen,
"The Man Who Understood
Women," which could be
just as appropriately titled,
"The Man Who Misunder-
stood Women."

The title is misleading. In
that, it seems to Musical
Comedy, whereas the film is
a serious study of love, ambition,
and romantic infidelity.

Watching the film, I was re-
minded of the novels of Scott
Fitzgerald, for the film contains
the perfect morning scene of the
benches of Southern France and
life as lived there.

So also are the incongruous
characters he sketched to per-
fection, and then welded into
the narrative with seamless
joining.

I dwell upon this, for this
film could easily be a trial
horse, although an expensive
one, for the attempts that are
being made to put "Disenchanted"
and "Tender" is the
Night" on the screen.

The film is anecdotal rather
than continuous. It is them-
atically in its treatment of
the conventional, yet retaining
a certain harmonious
effect, spiced only by Holly-
wood's concrete determina-
tion to keep a happy ending
in sight.

The film has a certain origina-
lity about it, both in introduc-
tion and effects, but the in-
cidents introduced to pass
swiftly over, intervening time
and show, summing success
are ringers, not original effects.

The film does not settle down
until Henry Fonda and Leslie
Caron are in France. Then,
and only then, does the film
begin with that fine inner glow
obtained by authors like Fitz-
gerald, and in a lesser sense by
the author of the novel, "The
Colours of the Day," from
which this film is taken.

Again, the axiom which this
film takes for granted, is cer-
tainly open to question. "When
a woman is unfaithful, her
husband is to blame."

Yet, of course, there is that
cynical blase touch all the way
through. I enjoyed it, but let
me say right away, I enjoy
both literature and films of this
type.

They portray a people I
understand, who follow an
unconventional path because
they seek experience, and be-
lieve experience itself, not
the result of experience, to be
a way of living.

It is a dangerous axiom in a
way, and to get it down on
paper or celluloid, is tricky.
This film, I feel, is to be
recommended for its theme and
attempt; the very Chelsea and
Greenwich Village touch place
it beyond the mass appeal
audience.

★★★
WELL, here we are at
Saturday morning
again, and the weekly row
about films begins all over
again. On my left is N. T.
Chow and on my right,
A. N. Others. As usual,
once I have started things
going, I will retire from the
combat.

Ignoring all the rules of fight
promotion, I will put on the big
event second, and then introduce
the preliminaries. The con-
tender is "Green Mansions,"
starring Audrey Hepburn and
Anthony Perkins, and co-
starring Lee J. Cobb, showing
at the Hoover and Gaiety.

The first word that occurs to
me about this film is "unusual"
and there I am certainly on safe
ground.

The story begins from yester-
day, before film-going
became a weekly event, and
grandma was weeping over
"The Sorrows of Satan," while
grandpa kept a
stiff upper lip with "Green
Mansions" perched on his knee.

As a film it has everything:
A pathetic approach to re-
ligion, a touch of adoration
for violence, and a mes-
sage that comes out as clearly
as a talk over crossed
wires.

The script writer has certainly
played up the cameraman,
for I, no photographer, could
discern the expert treatment
given to the lens. Unfortunately,
as beautiful as it is, the
script writer's job is to get on
with the story, and let the
pictures do the director.

In short, this is the theme.
Anthony Perkins is fleeing from
injustice and cruelty, and
political scheming in high
places.

He shows his manly powers
of endurance by standing up
under the blinding sun, and
talking to Susana Hayakawa
and his tribe all day.



Leslie Caron and Cesare Danova escape to happiness, in a scene from, "The Man Who Understood Women."

Anthony Perkins is sent into
the forest, and then begins a
chase while he tries to trace
this strange bird song. After a
long chase we are shown the
reflection of Audrey Hepburn in
a forest pool.

It is unfair to take a sen-
tence from the context, and
interpret it away from the
whole, but just another
generation will find our
foibles amusing, just so does
this business of Audrey Hep-
burn get modern audiences
puzzled.

For instance, she has the
habit of falling onto the ground
and addressing it as "mother."
She says to Perkins, who is
naturally interested in this
business of prayers: "Some-
times, when I am in the hut, I
pray to the man with his heart
outside his cloak, but here in
the forest, I pray to the earth,
my mother!"

For a long time, I tried to
think of whom Audrey re-
minded me, and then, (and may
I be forgiven) the penny
dropped. I had found her be-
fore in Stalin Ghibens "Cold
Comfort Farm." Her name there
was Elaine.

Woven into the film is the
theme of reincarnation. The
forest lily dies, but it blooms
again elsewhere. This is the
comforting message presented
in the last moments of the film
as Perkins walks towards an
angelic figure.

I have no way of knowing
what the actors feel about a
script of this type, but pre-
sumably, they discuss the
script before they start
shooting.

It seems to me that in this
day and age, the easy going
free for all theology-cum-
theosophy has misfired.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOVER & GALA: "Green
Mansions," Audrey Hepburn
and Anthony Perkins in an
unusual film upon an unusual
theme, which has
Hepburn as a kind of pagan
child; Perkins as a
fugitive from political
stifles; and Lee J. Cobb
doing penance among the
exotic jungle growths of
the Orient.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The
Man who Understood
Women." A brilliant subtle
blase effort, an experiment
in story and type. Title mis-
leading, too trivial. The film
concerns itself with ambi-
tion, marriage, and in-
fidelity. Leslie Caron; Henry
Fonda; and Cesare Danova.
STAR & METROPOLE: "The
Precipice." The Japanese
film which collected five
awards at the Asian

Festival. A study of a
beautiful woman, and two
young admirers. Contrasted,
the two young men, the two
youths find in mountain-
climbing, the challenge of
the precipice, and the flawless
beauty of the woman, and
the agonizing tension, care-
ful and skilfully blended.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Make
Way For Marika." German
film offering entertainment
all the way. Gay, charm-
ing, tuneful, and comedy
face. Marika Rokk; Jo-
hannes Heesters; East-
man Colour with English
sub-titles.

LEE & ASTOR: "Imitation
of Life." Third wave of this film
which poses the problems of
two widows: one white,
Lana Turner, and one
coloured, Juanita Moore.

COMING

HOOVER & GALA: "The
World, The Flesh, and the
Devil." End of the world
story, with three people left
alive, thus the story is this
kind of... film, with an eerie
feeling of, "It could be just
like this." Harry Belafonte,
Inger Stevens.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Old
Drums." A Technicolor melo-
drama concerning a
man who nurses into the
heart of a Wild West
frontier family. Retrospect-
ive, sentimental, warm
and a little up-top. A
good show all round.
Dorothy McGuire; Fess
Parker; Tommy Kirk.
STAR & METROPOLE: "The
Man Who Understood Women."

of a town with a dirty
mind, and of how it
threatened the happiness of
two young men in love.
John Saxton and Sandra
Dee.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The
Man Who Understood Women."
Story with a
popular cast, which
Robert Taylor in the role of
a deeply married with the
regulation of ending his
outlets to the gallery. Also
Tosca Parker, Nina Loubie,
and Mickey Shaughnessy.

The ambitious Mel Ferrer
directed the film, the theme of
the novel would appeal to him,
and he is quite naturally cap-
able of unravelling its tangled
skein. I am not. Nor did it appear
that Anthony Perkins could.
Result, the camera takes the
film for the most beautiful work
I have ever seen.

★ ★ ★
"MAKE WAY FOR
MARIKA" (King's
and Princess) is a show
business film with the Ger-
man revue star, Marika
Rokk, taking over the title
role.

The Colony has already seen
how well the German film pro-
ducers put out this kind of
thing, with that sardonic touch
which they bring to publicity
affairs, the equivalent of the
English "tongue in the cheek."

For instance, Frank Flamin-
gus, the gossip columnist
writes: "Yesterday, the inter-
national revue star, Marika
Rokk, bought a hat to match
her poodle."

Behind the blash of show busi-
ness, and the tinsel consequence
of publicity, is quite a good story.
In modern mood, accepting all
the conventions, or lack of
them, of modern show society.

Of course, such a film
built up to a grand final,
and the revue numbers and
the music are very good.

To say more would reveal the
plot, have the point in there is
no Marika, at least, not at first,
she is only a national publicity
build up.

The cracks at the agency
run by Marika under cover are

The beautiful Fujiko Yama-
moto possesses that type of
beauty that would be termed
"fatal" in the Occident.

The allure of the mountains,
the challenge of the precipice,
is I repeat, a symbol of the
beauty of the femme fatale.

The film is extremely well-
made, and the subtitles make it
easy for a foreign audience to
follow its theme.

The shots of the precipice are
wonderful, and the rope break-
ing incident which introduces a
sub-plot to the film are expertly
managed.

But I imagine, Western mem-
bers of the audience will
appreciate the interplay of
emotions between the youths
and Miss Fujiko, and the man-
ner in which convention must
put romance out of court.

The story, could of course, be
told in any language, for its
theme is common to all. Yet,
this particular setting seemed
to me to fit the theme that
Miss Fujiko's calm beauty, and
certain confidence of pose,
matched the theme and setting
of the film.

London: William Hornbeck
has been signed by producer
Sam Spiegel as assistant to
director Joseph Mankiewicz on
the production of the Columbia
release, "Tomb Raider."

"Suddenly, Last Summer."
Hornbeck is already produc-
ing the Elizabeth Taylor, Mont-
gomery Clift starrer. Interiors
will be filmed in London with
the exterior production site to
be selected.

★ ★ ★
A cable from Mr. Harry Odell,
now in Hollywood, "Allied
Artists announced this week
their next big production will be
"Streets of Montmartre," starring
Lana Turner and directed by
Oscar Mitchell. In CinemaScope
and Colour. Star and director
have not yet been announced.

Lee Astor

LAST 5 DAYS
DAILY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.45 P.M.Lana TURNER • John GAVIN
Sandra DEE • Susan KOHNER"IMITATION
OF LIFE"
In Eastmancolour

NEXT CHANGE

"AUNTIE MAE"
ROSAUND RUSSELL

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE ASTOR THEATRE

At 11.00 a.m. At 11.00 a.m.

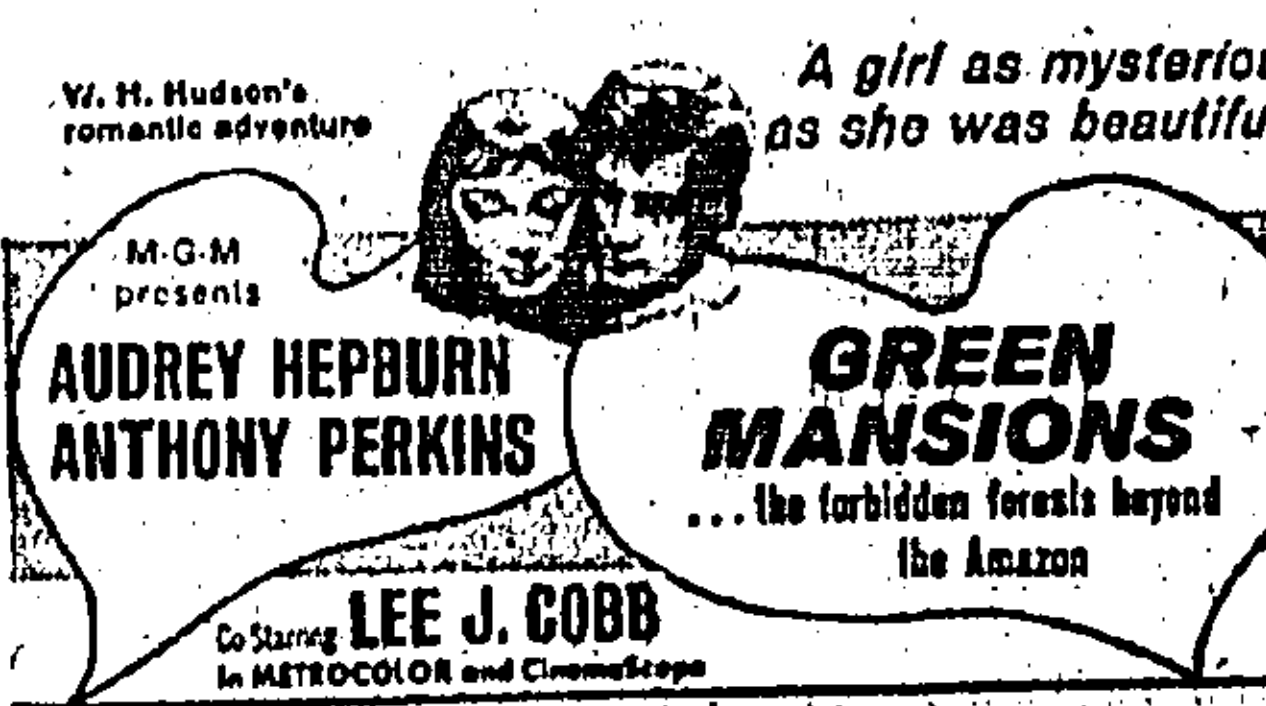
COLOUR CARTOONS COLOUR CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m. At 12.30 p.m.

"BLACK SHEEP OF FALWORTH" "CALENDAR GIRL"

A Chinese Picture

HOOVER GALA

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Special Matinee at Reduced Admission To-morrow
Gala Theatre at 11.00 a.m. Paramount Pictures
COLOR CARTOONS
Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m. Bing Crosby • Danny Kaye
in "WHITE CHRISTMAS"
Hoover Theatre at 12.00 noon Elizabeth Taylor • June Allyson
in "LITTLE WOMEN"

FITZ CINEMA

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

MORE THAN
GREAT COMEDY
HERES GREAT
ENTERTAINMENT
JERRY LEWIS
vs.
GESTA BOY

TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW — AT REDUCED PRICES
At 11.00 a.m. "Mystery of the Black Pyramid"
At 12.30 p.m. "The Man Who Understood Women"

CAPTAIN



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW — AT REDUCED PRICES
At 11.00 a.m. "The Man Who Understood Women"
At 12.30 p.m. "The Man Who Understood Women"

HORNBECK

★ ★ ★
A cable from Mr. Harry Odell,
now in Hollywood, "Allied
Artists announced this week
their next big production will be
"Streets of Montmartre," starring
Lana Turner and directed by
Oscar Mitchell. In CinemaScope
and Colour. Star and director
have not yet been announced.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Executive Had To Flee To The Beach

Cannes.
LAS VEGAS hotel executive Jack Entratter fled to the beach last week from ringing phones and the onrushing voices of French lovelies on the other end of the wire.

"I have already said no to scores of them. I just don't have the heart to disappoint any others," Entratter said.

The tall, greying American became the man French models wanted most to be on the phone with when it got around that he was scouting the Paris fashion houses for girls for his stage show at Las Vegas Sands Hotel.

Then it began, he said. "The phone in my room at the George V in Paris never stopped ringing. It was most distressing."

HIS POLICY

Entratter took his dark sunglasses off, after making sure no one was being paged for a phone call. There was distress in his eyes.

"I never go up to the girls and ask them if they want to dance in our show," he said. "I watch them, and then I pick them. But I let someone else do the asking and the explaining. It works out better that way."

Entratter's policy of maintaining a certain distance between himself and the showgirls came under assault soon after he took his wife Dorothy and their two daughters to a fashion show at Dior's in Paris.

"While they were looking at the dresses I was looking at the girls," he said. "One of them was just right. I talked to the Dior management, and the girl said 'yes' right away."

To celebrate, Mrs. Entratter and the daughters—Carol, 20, and Michele, 16—bought themselves a Dior dress apiece.

They went to a few more fashion houses and lined up another girl.

When they got back to the hotel the panic was on.

"I tried to explain to all those French models who kept calling that I never talk to girls myself," Entratter recounted.

EXPLAINED

"I tried to explain that all I wanted was about six European girls—two from France—and that I'd hired those two already."

"That was fine—when I could get the telephone operator to translate. But when I got one that didn't speak English—what then? It got so bad I was scared to pick up the phone."

This went on for a week. Entratter didn't want to tell the hotel not to ring his room. He and his womenfolk were in Europe for the first time, and there were friends calling.

Entratter took himself and his family off to Cannes. A day later the phone in his hotel room at Cannes began ringing too.

The only escape was the beach.

GOOD IDEA

Entratter shook his head wonderingly. "It seemed like such a good idea, when I started out on this trip. One year all the girls in our show were from Texas. Another year from each state of the union."

"This year I thought I'd get two girls from Paris, two from London and two from Rome. Models are best for our type of show. Beautiful faces and bodies. No nudity. We teach them how to dance."

Entratter lined up two girls in London in quick order en route to Paris. He said he intends to stick to schedule and go on to Rome.

"They bring me my meals, give me messages. I can stay here in day. Don't have to go back to the hotel room until late at night. How are the beaches in Italy?"—UPI.

Who Wants Speed?



Who wants speed? It's the way you do it that counts—and according to W. G. Beaks of London one good way of starting in the London to Paris air race was roller-skating through Hyde Park.

The race which was organised by the Daily Mail was to mark the 50th Anniversary of Blériot's flight across the Channel.—Central Press.

20-Year Battle All But Lost....

London.
A 20-YEAR battle to preserve a miniature species of rose has been all but lost in Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire.

The rose is so small it can pass through a wedding ring, yet so fragrant it can dominate a whole room.

Its owners, the Misses Dorothy and Agnes Seddon, were left the "Baby Rose" by their father when he died in 1939.

He stipulated that they should prevent any cuttings falling into other hands—and his daughters faithfully obeyed his wishes.

OFFERS

Ever since they have resisted tempting offers to commercialise the rose and have fought a constant battle against would-be thieves. But now the rose seems doomed to extinction.

Three months ago, the sisters moved from their cottage to a new bungalow a mile away and took their bushes with them.

All but four died and the others, boasting only eight buds between them, have not flowered.

Said Miss Dorothy Seddon: "It looks as though they are doomed."—China Mail Special.

MARMALADE THIEF

Walsall.
A quick fingered thief was in the jam. Police did not know his identity after successfully robbing 40 houses in this Staffordshire town. But they did know one of his tastes: marmalade.

They said that on every robbery he helped himself to a snack.

He particularly favoured the sandwiches which his housewife had prepared for their husbands' lunches—and especially if the sandwiches were made of marmalade.—UPI.

Convict Runs Off With Gaoler's Wife

London.
The Daily Mail tells the unique story of a prison warder's wife who ran off with an ex-convict.

The Mail said Mrs. Audrey Sanderson, 23, mother of two baby sons and Eric Hovingham, 30, met and fell in love at the Bala River open prison, near the Scottish border.

Hovingham, a married man, was doing eight years for burglary. He was released recently. The newspaper quoted Donald Sanderson as saying: "This was the ruin of my career. I want her back."

Hovingham told a reporter in a Lancaster Hotel where he and Mrs. Sanderson were living:

"I suppose that it is a bit funny an ex-con should run off with a screw's wife."

"I hope to get a divorce from my wife, and if Audrey can get one, we shall get married."

Passed Notes

Mrs. Sanderson, said the Mail, first met Hovingham at a camp show. He was a trusty—a prisoner granted special privileges.

"Eric was working on the projector and I was sitting near him. We got into conversation and that was the beginning of it all."

"I used to see him going to and from jobs on the camp and very soon we started passing notes."

"I don't think Donald will divorce me, but I don't think I will go back. I would love to have my babies with me, but I don't think that is possible."

Hovingham added: "I had a very good time at Bala River. I had a lot of freedom, and of course I had Audrey."

The Mail said Hovingham used to visit Mrs. Sanderson when her husband was away.

"Once he came back unexpectedly, but I managed to slip out without being seen."—UPI.

Albert Hall Soloist May Go Back To The Corners

London.
THE street corner musician who made good said he may go back to fiddling for pennies.

"I'm not too proud," Norman Bagge, 38, said.

Until recently Bagge played on his grubby violin to night-time crowds in Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus.

Royal College of Music, Prof. Anthony Hopkins heard Bagge, one night and arranged for lessons. Last week the 18-year-old street musician gave a concert before about 4,000 persons in London's Albert Hall.

The audience cheered, the critics were pleased. "I was overwhelmed," Bagge said.

But he said he hadn't altogether ruled the possibility of going back to his Leicester Square and Piccadilly concerts.

"I'm not too proud for that. I think some people enjoyed my music in the streets," he said.—UPI.

Lost And Found: A Packet Of Sunshine

London.
THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Londoner Teddy Butler has never had a proper holiday. "But this year I will," he told his parents.

So, with his heart set on spending sunny days in the country, side of South Wales, he took a paper-rocket.

Berripping and saving for weeks, Teddy collected the sum of £1 14s. 6d. in savings stamps and kept them carefully packed away in a little wallet.

But, last week, while travelling on a train from Newton, to Canons Park, Teddy lost the wallet. It had slipped from his pocket during the journey.

He fretted
A heartbroken Teddy retraced his steps without luck. He fretted about his loss, hardly spoke or ate.

Then a small packet arrived by post at Teddy's home in Harrow Road, Willesden. The packet contained his wallet—with the savings stamps still in it.

No note, no name—just a Wembley postmark.

Said Teddy's mother: "It makes you realise there are some wonderful people in the world after all."

STATE
OPENING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m.
ENTIRELY NEW PRINT

BURT LANCASTER
TIN TAIL MAN

THE LEWES-EAST GRINSTEAD RAILWAY
Preservation Society has accepted a price asked by the British Transport Commission for part of the defunct branch line railroad, whose last train toiled over its 21 miles of track two years ago.

The "Bluebell and Primrose" got its name because passengers said it ran so slowly they could lean from the coaches and pick bluebells and primroses along the way.

A meeting of the Preservation Society here accepted the price of £34,000 for 4½ miles of track, complete with stations, water towers, bridges and equipment on route.

PROPOSAL.
The Society's bank balance at the moment is £280. It has until September to raise the rest of the money.

"This is proposed to be a 'gullies' railway for a £1.1d. gradient for 25 of miles in a station, bridge or railway yard."

Each item of equipment "purchased" will be tagged with the donors' names.

Symbolically the Society has ambitions to rebuild the whole 21 miles of track, equip it with "gullies" engines and run weekend excursions with volunteer crews.—UPI.

What makes a woman magnetic?



Helena Rubinstein real Silk Face Powder

HELENA RUBINSTEIN created real Silk Face Powder from pure atomised silk—because skin and silk have a natural affinity. Both are living substances strongly magnetic to each other. That is why real Silk Face Powder has a cling that simply cannot be equalled! AND for dry skins—Helena Rubinstein's Silk Face Powder Special—formulated to retain moisture, cling longer. Real Silk Face Powder comes in 9 flattering skin-tones, including enchanting new Bed of Roses.

Free Consultations:

Salon d'OR

NOW—NEW ADDRESS:

117, CHINA BUILDING 1st FLOOR,
QUEEN'S ROAD, C., HONG KONG

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE NAKED MAJESTIC
GARY COOPER
MARIA SCHALL
KARL MALDEN
The Hanging Tree
TECHNICOLOR from WARNER BROS.
A United Production

Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
"THE DEEP SIX"

Morning Show To-morrow
"INTERRUPTED MELODY"
Color by TECHNICOLOR

AFTER STOCK-TAKING OFFER

MONDAY — TUESDAY — WEDNESDAY
(27th, 28th & 29th only)

EMBROIDERIES AND STOCKINGS
LIQUIDATED FROM STOCK

| | Usual | NOW |
|---|----------|------------------|
| Guipure Eyelet | \$125.00 | \$29.80 a yd. |
| Heavy Embroideries | \$125.00 | \$29.80 a yd. |
| Tinsel Embroideries | \$ 80.00 | \$29.80 a yd. |
| Guipure Border | \$ 50.00 | \$19.80 a yd. |
| Linen Embroideries | \$ 36.00 | \$19.80 a yd. |
| Sasha Embroideries | \$ 21.80 | \$ 6.80 a yd. |
| Chinese Dress-lengths (novelty embroideries) | \$ 88.00 | \$59.50 p. dress |

Berkshire & Cameo Stockings
(odd sizes and colours)
\$ 10.00 for 3 prs.

ONE PRICE STORE

MAN YEE BLDG.

TEL. 87196

51A POTTINGER STREET

Bluebell & Primrose Railroad May Chug Again

London.
BRITAIN'S famed but defunct "Bluebell and Primrose Railroad" may chug again.

The Lewes-East Grinstead Railway Preservation Society has accepted a price asked by the British Transport Commission for part of the defunct branch line railroad, whose last train toiled over its 21 miles of track two years ago.

The "Bluebell and Primrose" got its name because passengers said it ran so slowly they could lean from the coaches and pick bluebells and primroses along the way.

A meeting of the Preservation Society here accepted the price of £34,000 for 4½ miles of track, complete with stations, water towers, bridges and equipment on route.

PROPOSAL.
The Society's bank balance at the moment is £280. It has until September to raise the rest of the money.

"This is proposed to be a 'gullies' railway for a £1.1d. gradient for 25 of miles in a station, bridge or railway yard."

Each item of equipment "purchased" will be tagged with the donors' names.

Symbolically the Society has ambitions to rebuild the whole 21 miles of track, equip it with "gullies" engines and run weekend excursions with volunteer crews.—UPI.

STATE

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ENTIRELY NEW PRINT

BURT LANCASTER
TIN TAIL MAN

THE LEWES-EAST GRINSTEAD RAILWAY
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"GOLDEN PHOENIX"
At Richmond Theatre

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COCKTAIL LOUNGE For your
Featuring "MARTY"
At The Hammond Organ

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



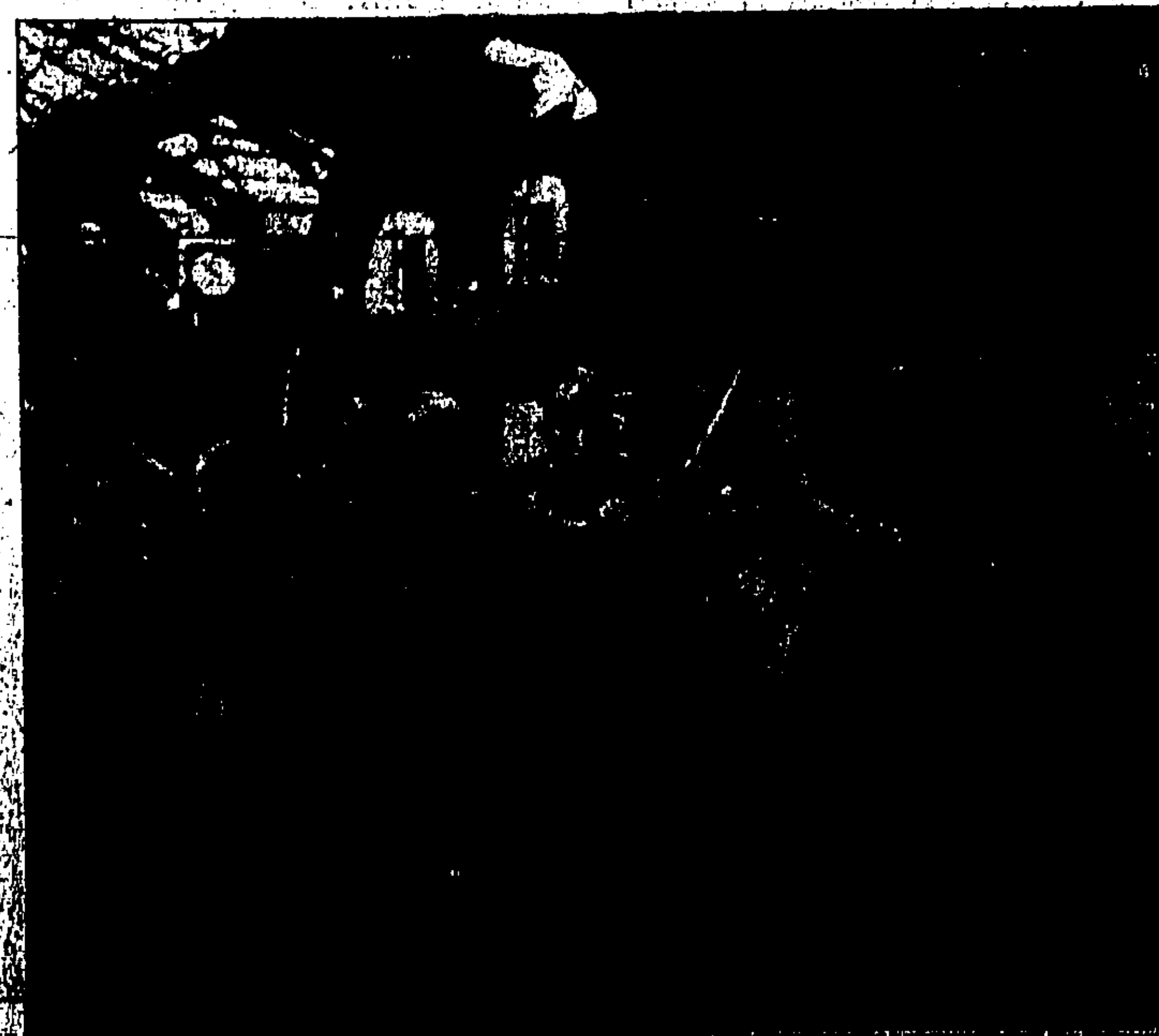
ABOVE: Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten sits at his new desk in the Defence Ministry as Chief of Defence Staff, an appointment that has aroused much controversy.

★

RIGHT: Bombay-born, South African-bred, British-trained Juliet Prowse (this is her) has just been signed to play opposite Frank Sinatra in the scheduled film version of Cole Porter's Can-Can. Now 23, Juliet started out as a dancer with Anton Dolin's London Festival Ballet. She is 5ft 7ins, weighs 127½ lbs, measures 34-24-35, and is, says Sinatra, "a gasser... one of the greatest dancers I've ever seen."

★

BELOW: Another party of Vikings landed in Britain the other day—but after a 900-year lapse, their intentions were strictly peaceable. To present, in fact, "The Saga of Amlod" (a source play for Shakespeare's Hamlet) in the Kent resort town of Ramsgate. Among them—with the minor role of a steersman—was Denmark's Prince Christian, with one of the few beardless faces in the cast.



ABOVE: Princess Elizabeth was bored, left alone in her mother's fashionable Jermyn Street flat—until the six-year-old granddaughter of a Zulu chieftain saw a man across the road watering the flowers in his window-box. That gave her an idea. She put up the lock on the door of her room to keep the maid out, then filled a cup—and for five hours cascaded passers by with cupfuls of water. For five hours because it took that long for the police to find that her mother was at the Law Courts talking to her mother. Meanwhile a crowd of about 50 was cheering each drenching. Her mother, Princess Alexandra Dinkulu came home at three—and announced: "Elizabeth will have a little spanking."

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother chats with the High Commissioner for Canada, Mr George A. Drew, at a reception given for more than 100 Commonwealth educationists at the Senate House of London University. The educationists had assembled in London from nearly all parts of the Commonwealth in readiness for the Commonwealth Education Conference.



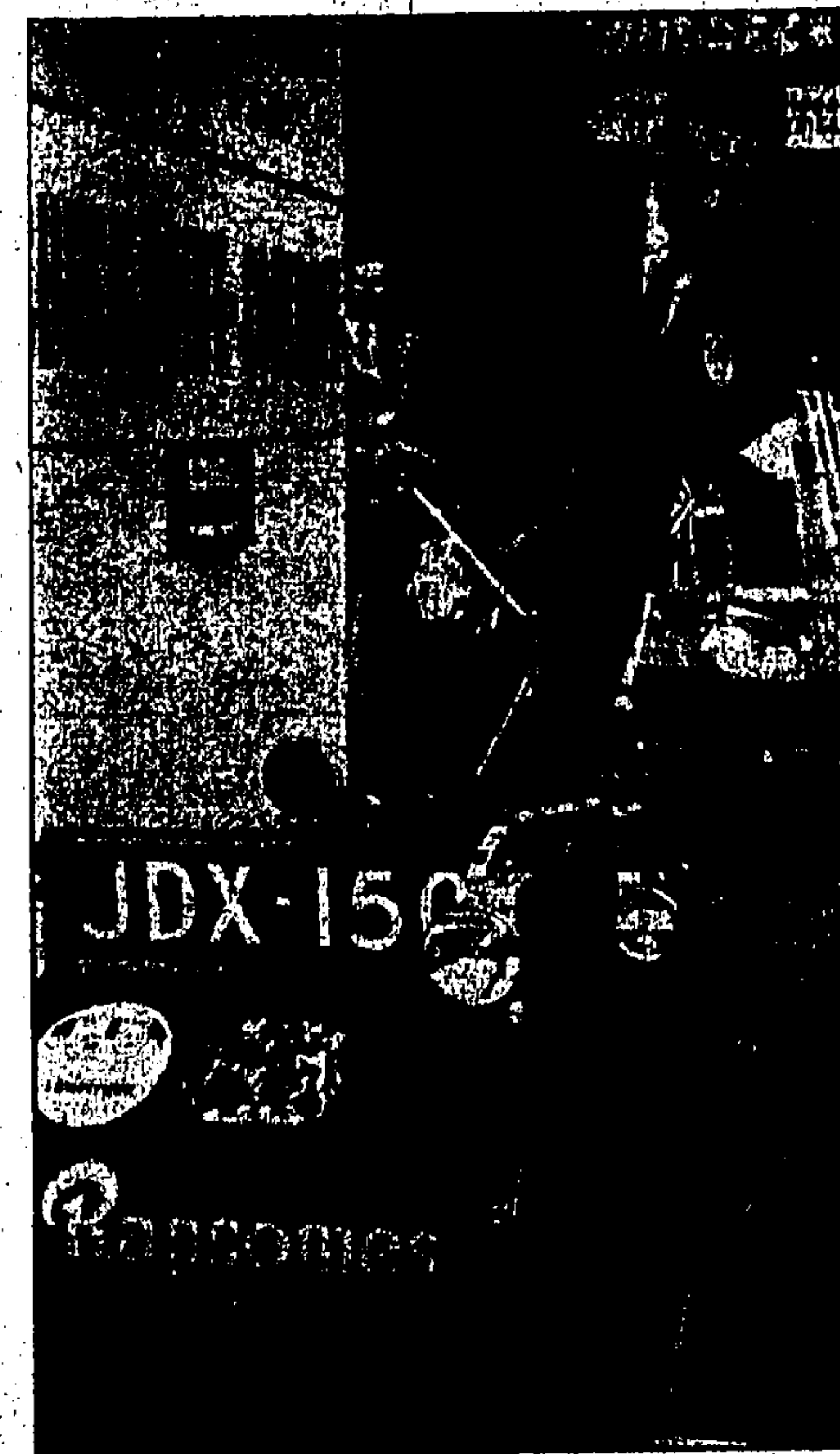
ABOVE: Two daughters sat chatting to their mother in London recently—after being separated for 15 years by the Iron Curtain. Widowed 64-year-old Mrs Louise Tatter arrived at London Airport after a 2,000-mile journey from Estonia, to be reunited with her daughters, Mrs. Allie Elstrot, of Merton Park, and Mrs. Anna Kolt—she flew in from Sweden for the occasion—who fled from Estonia when the Russians invaded in 1944. Picture shows: Mrs. Allie Elstrot (left) and her widowed mother.

★

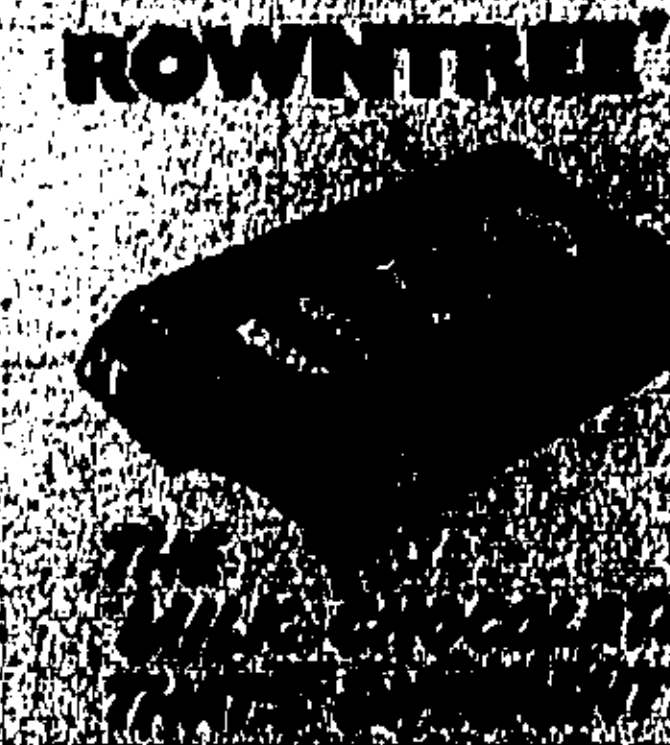
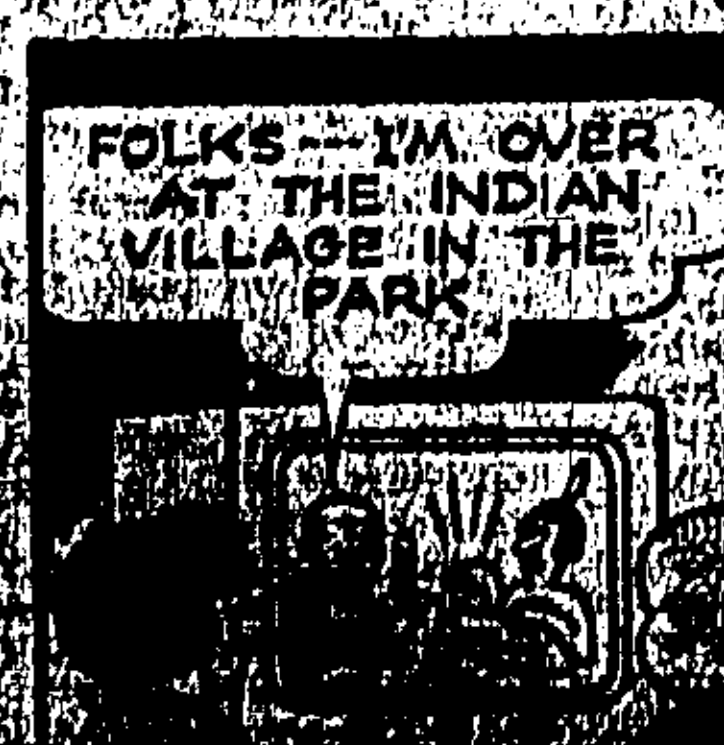
LEFT: An RAF squadron leader, Charles Maughan, won the London-Paris air race with a time of 40 minutes 44 seconds yesterday, using the now standard combination of motor-bike, helicopter and jet fighter—but the oddest crossing was made by technical college student Hugh Tansley. He used a Tiger Moth to fly from Croydon to Toussus—but travelled the rest of the way on a motor-mower. His time: 10 hours 48 minutes .08 seconds.

★

BELOW: Leaving the London Clinic the other day—the Duchess of Windsor after a minor cosmetic operation for the removal of a scar on her cheek caused by a shipboard accident last May. With her is the Duke, saying goodbyes to the matron. Later they caught the night boat-train from Victoria for Paris.



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

THE RUSSIAN for SARDINES

★ WHERE EAST MEETS WEST THERE IS A NATURAL SETTING FOR MYSTERY. AND FROM THAT SETTING COMES ANOTHER STORY TO KEEP YOU GUESSING. IS IT FACT OR FICTION?

IT was Oktoberfest in the Zoo in Berlin and the whole Tiergarten had been turned into a Carnival. East mixed with West for this occasion. It was easy to pick out the Easterners not only by their clothes but by an air of uncertain bewilderment.

The small guests for whom I was waiting at the entrance near the Bahnhof am Zoo were late. I stood there watching the milling crowds, trying to see Tomas, Gela and Barbel. At last they came—not running excitedly as most of the children were, but sedately, cautiously. Barbel, the eldest, with a motherly eye on the two younger ones.

The guards

They waved gaily when they saw me, and, looking carefully from right to left, rushed across the street to me. "We carry held up!" The guards at the barrier made us take a test in Russian. That's their latest! That's why we're late!" cried Gela.

"Huh! You're talking too loudly!" responded Barbel loudly. "You're the youngest, said nothing but eyes were on the flags and banners in honour of the Oktoberfest."

The children had come by train from a small village 30 kilometres from Berlin in the Russian Zone. Each of them had a special pass-card for the occasion.

Milk tins

The zoo was crowded with gay visitors, loud with the music of merry-go-rounds and roller skaters, and the children, only the animals in their cages seemed depressed. At every booth and stall were lotteries and exciting games of skill and chance. The prizes were not the kind we find in similar fairs in Britain; they consisted of food for the most part.

There were tins of milk, fish and meat. Kilos of groceries and Cellophane packets displaying the savoury charms of chickens, ducks and even geese.



by FRANCES FAVIELL

A widely travelled painter, Frances Faviell spent seven and a half years in Germany with her husband in the Central Commission—much of it in Berlin, which supplied the material for her first book, *The Dancing Bear*. She is now writing novels. Her first was *A House on the Rhine*, and she has just finished a second one set in Brittany. She lives in Kensington and has a son at St. Paul's School.

The map

The children had East German marks, and although I had money for them they wanted the excitement of changing them themselves at the special kiosks set up for the purpose. They were disappointed at having to give up five of the East marks for each West one.

The gaiety of the noisy crowds, the music, streamers and balloons everywhere excited them, and we set off to try our luck at some of the many games of chance and skill.

The one we liked best was in the charge of a fat, motherly woman. Set in a huge circular map were all the important towns in Germany. Each person chose a town and received a voucher in exchange. The woman then released a lever which set a ball in motion as in roulette. At whatever town the ball stopped the holder of its voucher won a prize.

I chose Berlin. When all the other towns had been allotted to, the ball was set in motion.

Breathless we all hung over it. It came very slowly to rest on Berlin.

"You've won! You've won!" the children screamed joyously. "Try again?" asked the woman smiling. "Or will you choose your prize first? Here's your prize voucher."

"We'll all try again!" I said. This time Barbel won on Leipzig. After that Gela on Brandenburg. All of us had vouchers for prizes except little Tomas.

"They are from the East?" asked the woman. When I nodded, she said, "One can tell at once. This is a special one to help the East. Many of the shopkeepers and large firms have given goods, hoping that the East Germans will win them." She lowered her voice. "And I, for one, see that they do. Come little Tomas, here's a free try for you. What town will you have?"

The child looked long and carefully. "Hamburg," he said firmly.

I lifted Tomas up to watch the ball. He wore a little green Bavarian hat of felt with a feather in it. His jacket was green with brass buttons. The woman looked at me and then at him. The ball stopped right on Hamburg.

"You've won! You've won!" screamed his sisters delightedly. "Now we've all got a prize."

Our prizes

When it came to choosing the prizes I was astonished at the children's choice. Ignoring the boxes of chocolates held out to them they asked anxiously for the vouchers included groceries. They chose tins of milk, packets of margarine and butter and tins of meat. I asked what I could send their mother with my voucher, suggesting cigarettes or chocolate.

They looked at me with large, serious eyes. "Oh no. That would be a terrible waste. We need food—not luxuries."

"Well," I said, "what shall it be then?"

"Sardines!" shouted Tomas. "That's what Daddy wants. He's got a bad cough and needs oil."

We got three tins of sardines and Tomas was overjoyed. The kind woman offered to look after the things for us while we tried our luck elsewhere and visited some of the animals.

Golden trees

We then collected our prizes and repaired to one of the many open air cafes for some refreshment. While we were sitting sipping raspberry juice and eating hot frankfurters I asked the children if they would have any trouble in getting the food back through the East-West Check-point. They showed me the labels on every article stating that the commodity was a prize won in the Oktoberfest.

"See? We'll be allowed most of these—not all. It's a special day! We got passes for it. The guards may give us another test in Russian. It's compulsory in our schools!" said Gela. "But it won't be difficult. They'll ask us the names of all the food in Russian—if we know the words they'll let us keep some of them."

"And do you know them?" I asked.

They began reciting the Russian words for each thing in their high childish voices and I saw several people at neighbouring tables looking amused. They knew them all—Tomas was made to repeat each one after his sisters. But when they came to the most important prize—the sardines—they couldn't think of the Russian word for sardines. And neither could I.

We sat there under the golden trees whose leaves were dropping on to the check tabacloths, we thought and thought—but none of us could remember it. Despair was in the children's faces. It was hard to realise that the loss of the sardines would be a major tragedy for them—but it would be. I hadn't a dictionary with me—who would have thought that I would need it?

"What is it? What is it?" cried Barbel. "I know! It's quite well—but I can't think of it." Their faces were so gloomy that I was in despair.

"Go and have a ride on the auto-racer!" I suggested. "For-



haps if I sit quietly here I'll think of it." Tomas and Gela faced off joyfully, but Barbel stayed with me. Her high round forehead was wrinkled with anxiety and I hated to see such a look of apprehension and worry on so young a face.

"Try and think of it, please, Tante Frances. If Tomas makes one of his scenes at the check-barrier it'll be awful!"

The word

It was almost time to take them to the station. I had promised to put them on a certain train. There was not time to go hunting for a dictionary.

"What was the word? What is the Russian for 'sardine'?" I groaned aloud.

At the next table a rather ugly, big man with high cheekbones and attractive humorous eyes had been watching us for some time. He was sipping a glass of beer. Finishing it now, he stood up, took the bill from the waiter and after paying it took a pencil from his pocket and wrote something on the back of the bill.

He smiled to himself as he did so. As he passed our table he brushed heavily against me, then excused himself in German.

JACOBY on BRIDGE

THE ordinary bridge player would go down one at six to trump with this hand. He would win the queen of spades with the king, go over to dummy to take the diamond finesse and eventually lose a spade trick also.

The expert would note a better play. He would cash the ace of spades and note the drop of the ten spot by East. Then he would win the club tricks, discarding his deuce of diamonds and take three hearts stopping in dummy.

By that time West would have discarded down to nine and one spade and king and one diamond. South

NORTH
♠ 843
♥ QJ9
♦ 854
♣ KQ109

WEST
♠ 9882
♥ 8543
♦ K93
♣ 54

EAST
♠ Q10
♥ 762
♦ J1076
♣ 8732

SOUTH (D)
♠ AKJ7
♥ AK10
♦ Q2
♣ AJ6

No one vulnerable

South West North East
3NT Pass 4NT Pass
5NT Pass Pass Pass
Opening lead—♠ 2.

would play Jack-small of spades and West would have to lead away from his king of diamonds.

The late Harold C. Richard of New York held the West hand at the White Club many years ago. He knew all about end plays and managed to set the hand by discarding his two low diamonds on the club.

Now declarer could have made the hand by dropping Harold's king but he wasn't looking at all the cards. He still tried for the end play and Harold set the hand with the thirteenth heart.

Q-Card Jumble
Q-Card bidding has been:
North East South West
1♠ 2♦ Pass Pass
2♥ Pass 3♣ Pass
3♦ Pass 4♥ Pass

You, South, hold:
♠ 104-9887 ♣ 23-45678
What do you do?
A-Bid four spades. You partner has bid three spades all by himself.

TODAY'S QUESTION
Again East has overcalled your partner's opening spade bid with two diamonds. This time you hold:
♠ 104-9887 ♣ 23-45678
What do you do?
Answer on Monday.

• BY • THE • WAY • by Beachcomber

A WRITER says that genius must be forgiven for absent-mindedness. He was probably thinking of Wagner, who, if he liked what he saw on his neighbour's plate, speared it with his fork and abstracted it.

He had lost the grace to carry it off with a laugh, like the gentleman who, overcome with greed at a banquet, seized a wing of chicken or a lady's plate, remarking, "I saw that if you're not using it." The lady was too astounded to reply, much less to defend her fodder. She put up no fight at all. So he followed up by commandeering three of her four potatoes.

Then she said sarcastically: "I must dine with you some time. Just the two of us."

Comme il faut

THE gentleman in a novel who brushed her lips with his, first removing his cigar, set an example for all gallants. Very rich men have private secretaries to remove the cigar. "Mason, hold my cigar a moment while I brush this lady's lips." If the lady dandles and shows reluctance and the cigar goes out, the secretary runs to

fetch another, which he pierces while the brushing is going on.

The Suet filing plan

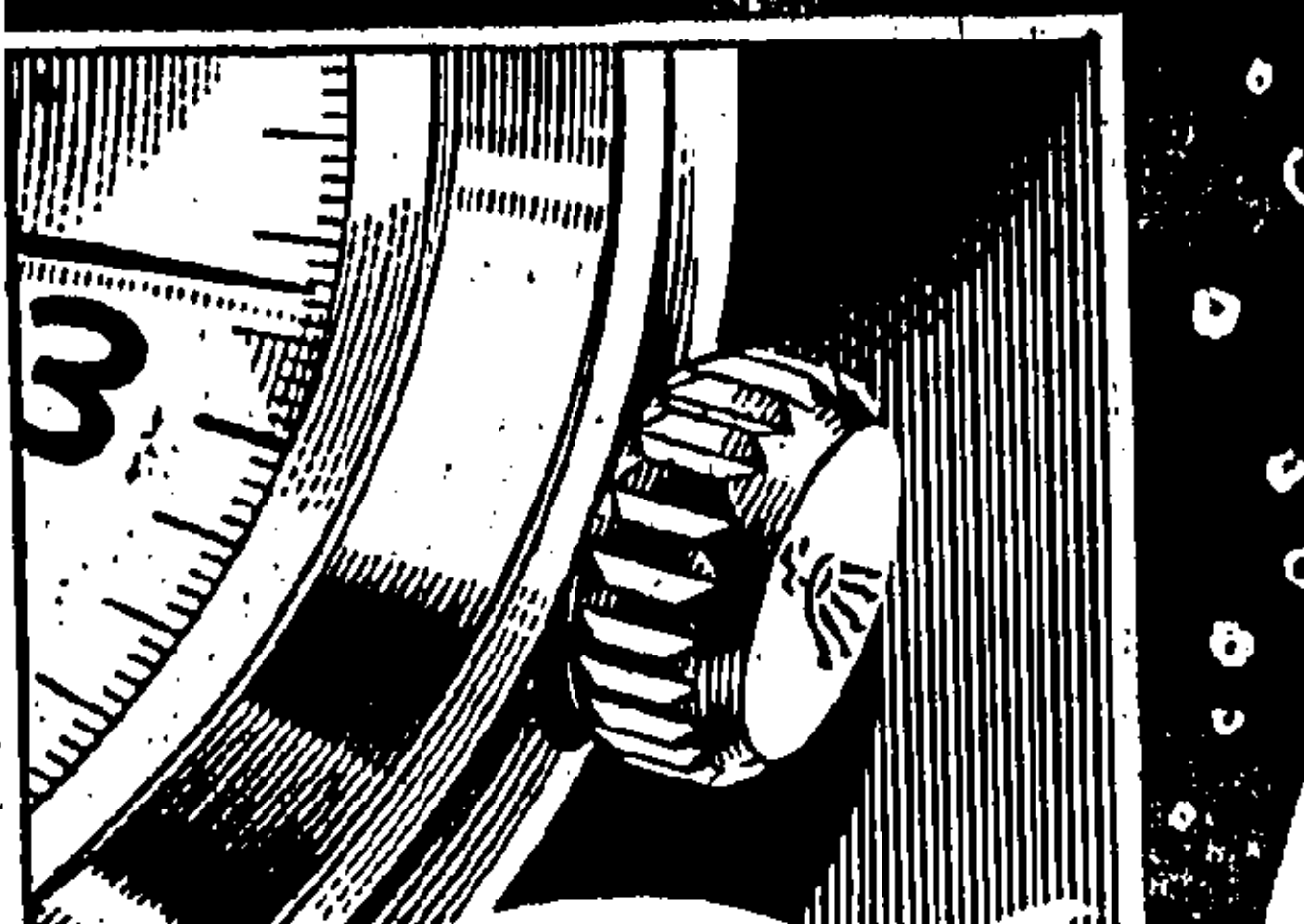
THE report of the committee appointed in 1954 to inquire into Charlie Suet's 81-point plan for rationalising the Grant-Armistage filing system is published today. The most important finding in the 34-page document is the following: "The committee, having failed to comprehend any of the 81 points, is unable to pronounce on the scheme, which in its present form reaches such a degree of complicated unintelligibility that it becomes, for all practical purposes, completely useless."

The animals hit back

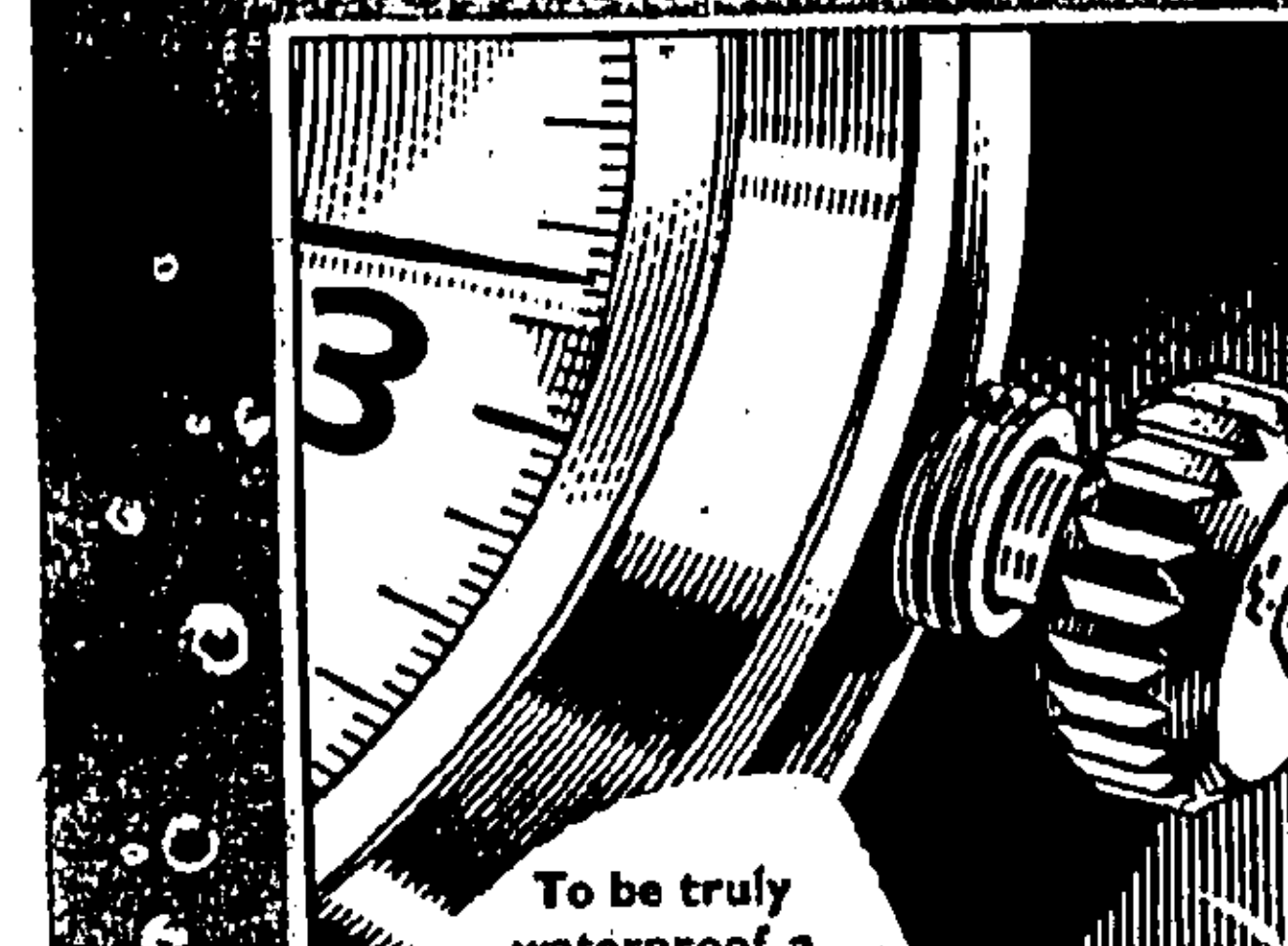
A CORRESPONDENT asks if I cannot be induced to do something about people who overfeed animals at the Zoo. In zoological circles nobody hangs on my slightest word. In fact, any words of mine addressed to the Fellows would pour like champagne off an actress' back. Occasionally, I believe, the animals resent the implication that the officials do not give them enough to eat, and well-meaning crowds are driven back under a hail of spent buns, biscuits, and other dainties.

27 fathoms down

—and ROLEX Oyster still runs accurately as ever.



Since 1956 all ROLEX and Tudor Oyster cases equipped with Twinlock crown have been guaranteed waterproof to an underwater depth of 165 ft.

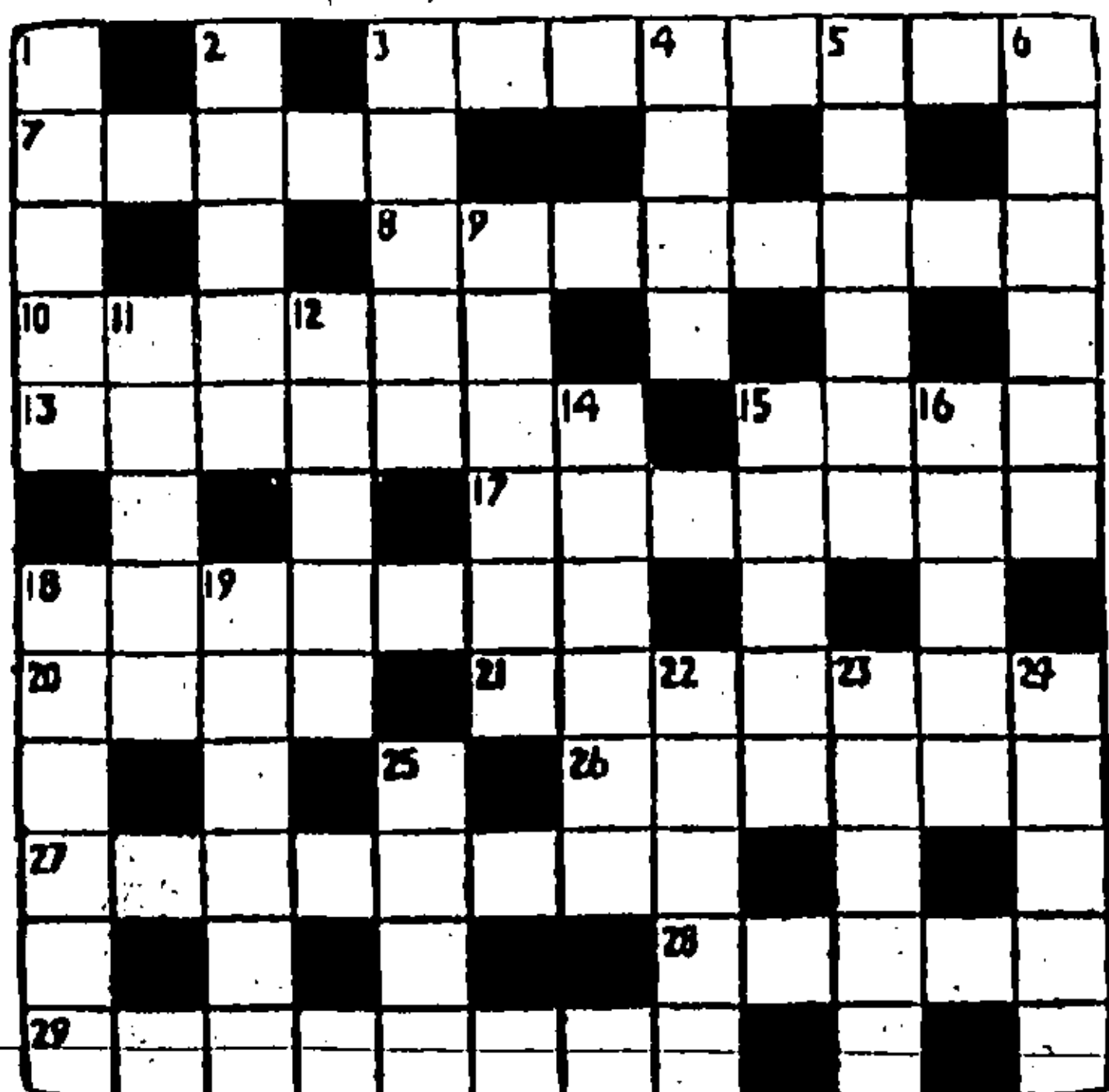


To be truly waterproof a watch must have a screw-down crown. ROLEX are the world's only manufacturer of screw-down double safety Twinlock crown.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

A British Crossword Puzzle



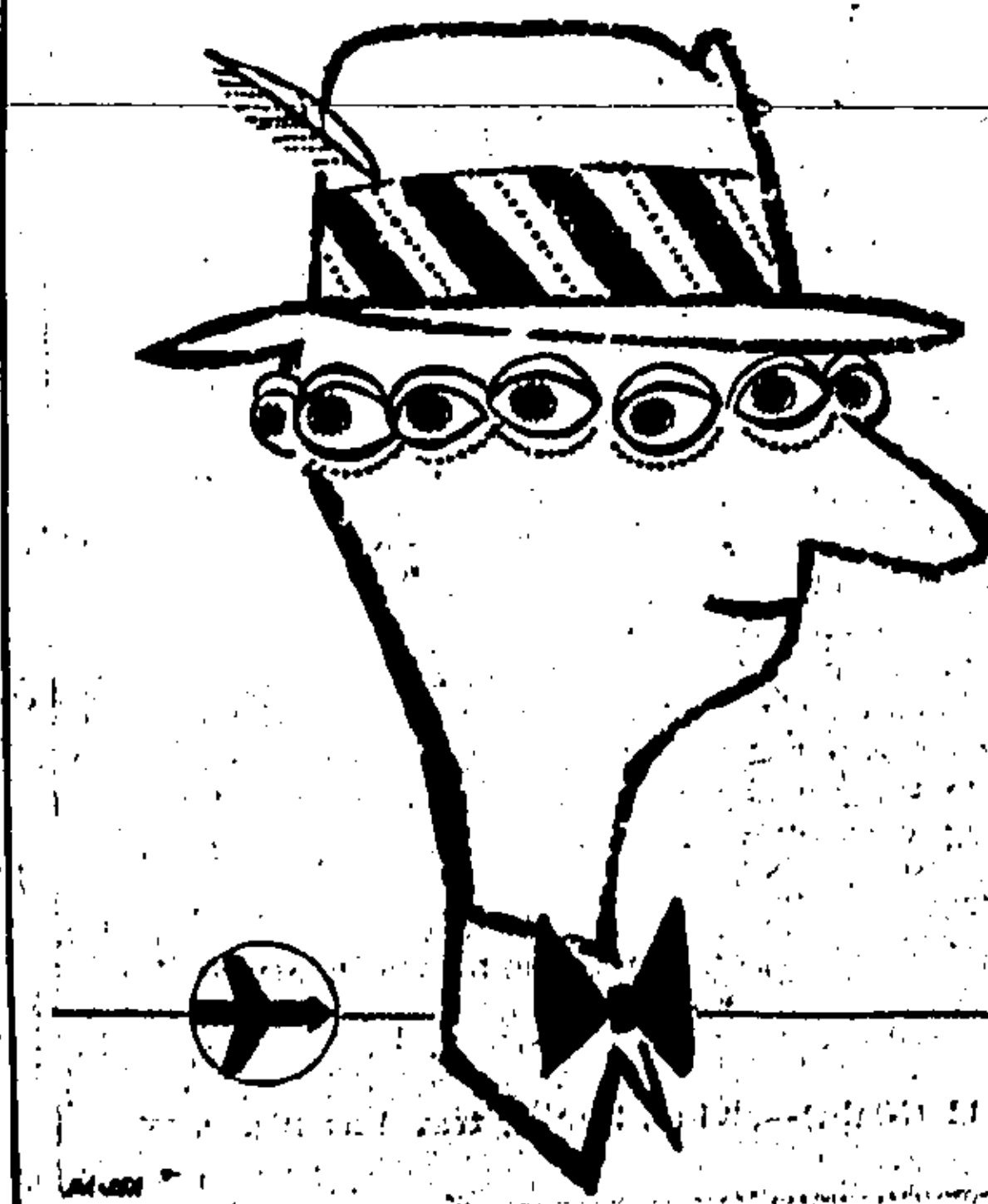
ACROSS

- 3 Pastime with plenty of kielb in it (8).
- 7 It may go to the head of a noble lady (5).
- 8 Pebbly almoner? (8).
- 10 Card game with a vehicle in the centre (9).
- 13 She has nothing to lose to remain a young lady! (7).
- 15 Eye amorously (4).
- 17 Source of oil (7).
- 19 They wear livery (7).
- 20 Famous dean (4).
- 21 It makes people late! (7).
- 22 Space travellers? (9).
- 27 Residents (8).
- 28 Is often left off (5).
- 29 Glibish pair for remembrance (8).

DOWN

- 1 A trusty mount? (5).
- 2 If she turns up her address will be the same (5).
- 3 Goes hungry deliberately? (5).
- 4 White man's wigwag (4).
- 5 Assort (6).
- 6 Put into a catalogue (6).
- 9 Got the ball out (6).
- 11 The cleric will finish before long (5).
- 12 Literary (5).
- 14 Of one dimension (6).
- 15 Rosie's twig (5).
- 16 Agreement to occupy (5).
- 18 He's sometimes rewarded (6).
- 19 Monstrous female (6).
- 22 Effeminate person (5).
- 23 Forever a traffic light (5).
- 24 No friend of mine (5).
- 25 He won't talk! (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Bather, 5 Skids, 9 Kicker, 9 A-don'ts, 10 On-set, 11 Tour, 12 Frits, 13 Earls, 16 A-verse, 18 Posers, 22 Gals, 23 Turps, 25 Harem, 26 Timing, 27 Tenet, 28 G-laze, 29 Deleto. Down: 1 Brad-for, 2 Two-steps, 3 Emit, 4 Re-solve, 5 Scorers, 6 Kansas, 7 D-well, 14 Relative, 15 Strangle, 16 Assumes, 17 Erupted, 19 Octets, 21-26 All, 24 Site.



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... AND NOW COMES THE MOST AGONISING MOMENT OF ALL

Once I loved the sea, but now I hate it...

(Continued from Page 6)
collision was the temperature of the ship's freezer, and asked him whether or not anything else had been noted in that log for that day, such as fog precautions?

"I don't remember," said the captain. "There is nothing else written here."

"I see. Just one more question about it, Captain," the Swedish Line attorney said casually. "When you wrote the log up in your cabin was it in the same physical condition that you now see it? And I direct your attention to various places in the cover and pages which show that the book, as I see it— if I am wrong, correct me—has been taken apart and restapled together."

"I object to this question," thundered the Italian Line attorney, jumping to his feet. After argument back and forth between the two lawyers, the hearing master ruled that Captain Calamai should answer the question. But Underwood pressed his objection. Striding to the witness-stand and taking the logbook from Captain Calamai's hands, Underwood said, "I want a moment to cogitate and see whether I will submit to that."

Inspecting the logbook, he walked up and down the front of the room, turning the pages one by one. While the whole courtroom watched, the logbook fell from the lawyer's hands to the floor. Several papers skidded across the floor.

Haight protested vehemently. He wanted an answer to his question. What had just happened, he asserted, made no difference because his office had photographs of the logbook as it had appeared before. Was the book in the same condition it had been on the afternoon before the collision? he demanded.

The mystery

"No," replied Calamai impassively. "May I explain?"

"Yes, anything you wish," said the lawyer.

"I took the book from the floor of my cabin and gave the accounting logbook to the cadet Maracci, who put it under his jacket. And I heard later in New York that the logbook had become wet and that it was not in the condition as before."

"Did you hear how the logbook became wet?" asked Haight.

"Probably while the cadet was going in the lifeboat there was water," answered the captain.

The question of the logbooks occurred again and again during the cross-examination of Captain Calamai and other officers of the Andrea Doria.

If the logbooks and navigation charts had been available, they would have gone far in reconstructing the positions and course of the Italian ship before the collision, and thereby solving the mystery of the hearing how could the radar on the Andrea Doria show the Stockholm to her right and the radar on the Stockholm show the Doria to be to the left?

The answer simply was that either one of the radar sets had been wrong or the men interpreting the radar on one of the ships had been wrong. The problem of the lawyers was to determine which officer, Carstens or Calamai, had been in error.

I don't know

Captain Calamai tacitly admitted at least partial responsibility for the collision when he testified the Andrea Doria was proceeding through dense fog which limited visibility to a half mile at 21.6 knots, almost her full speed.

The captain surprised the court, however, when he admitted that he did not know the stopping power of his ship. He also said he did not know how much distance the Andrea Doria required to make a full 90-degree turn.

That data had not been tested during the trial runs of the ship in 1952 or since. It was like saying he was driving a car without knowing the stopping power of its brakes.

But it was clear nevertheless that steaming at 21.6 knots, the Andrea Doria was not complying with the rule of the road which requires a ship to proceed in fog at a "moderate speed" or one in which it can be stopped in half the distance of visibility ahead.

It has been estimated that to stop the Andrea Doria dead in the water from a speed of 21.6 knots would take about two miles. Half the distance of visibility that night was one-quarter mile.

The Swedish Line attorney devoted almost half of his lengthy cross-examination of the captain to the stability of the Andrea Doria, implying that the Italian liner should have withstood the collision without sinking.

But on stability matters, Captain Calamai displayed a surprising lack of knowledge, answering the question after ques-

tion with "I don't know" or "I don't remember."

One factor in causing the collision was that her fuel tanks, in the bottom of the ship, were almost empty, her journey being nearly finished. The starboard side tanks had been ruptured, letting in a huge dead-weight of water. The air-filled port side tanks had acted as a balloon.

Ballasting of the empty tanks might have preserved the stability, suggested Haight. Did the ship's certificate of safety lay down any requirements about that?

"No, it had no reference to that," said Calamai.

Pressing his questions about why the Doria took an immediate list of 18 to 19 degrees, Haight asked if the Italian Line had supplied the captain with information on the stability of the ship under emergency conditions.

The captain said he did not remember.

Had the Italian Line warned him that excessive heeling might result if the Andrea Doria should sustain unsymmetrical flooding? The captain said he did not remember.

Protest

Haight questioned Captain Calamai for almost two full days on the stability of the Andrea Doria, before he went on to navigational matters.

Haight, then setting out to prove that even by the observations made aboard the Andrea Doria the two ships were not on parallel opposite courses to pass starboard to starboard, approached the witness chair and handed the captain a pad of plotting paper.

He asked the captain to plot the radar observations, as remembered, aboard the Doria. Captain Calamai took the paper, looked at it, and said softly, "It is the first time I see."

"Do you know how to use this kind of plotting sheet?" asked Haight.

"I am not very familiar because this is one work I let the officers do," said Captain Calamai.

Underwood protested that the captain should not be forced to do something which he admitted he was unfamiliar with, and left to his officers. Haight insisted, arguing that in order to use radar and check on his officers, the captain of the Andrea Doria had to know how to interpret radar. The matter was referred to the president, who ruled in favour of the Swedish Line attorney.

I see now...

After several hours of objections and arguments, Captain Calamai plotted the significant distances and bearings at which the Stockholm was observed.

When that had been done, Haight asked: "Is it not correct that the radar observations made and bearing, as set forth in your report to the Italian Line, show that in fact the Stockholm was not on a course parallel to the course of the Andrea Doria?"

There was a silence in the room and then Captain Calamai answered in a soft, pathetic voice. "I can see it now from the manoeuvring board."

The plot on the manoeuvring board indeed did show that the Stockholm was not on a course parallel to the course of the Andrea Doria.

The book, Collision Course, from which this series is adapted, will be published in Britain by Longmans.



ON THE BRIDGE of the Stockholm was Third Officer Carstens. Peder Larsen (inset) was helmsman at the time of the collision.



THE MASTER of the Stockholm was Captain Nordenson. He vigorously defended Carstens. Inexperience is not the same as incompetence.



ON THE BRIDGE of the Andrea Doria were Captain Calamai (centre), Third Officer Giannini (left), Second Officer Franchini (right).

THE MEN WHOSE REPUTATIONS WERE AT STAKE

the Stockholm, according to the radar observations, would barely clear the Doria. It showed a collision course.

"If Second Officer Franchini had reported to you that even though you had altered the Doria's course four degrees to your left, the passing distance had closed from 0.8 miles to 0.2 miles," Haight asked, "would you have continued ahead with the Doria at 21.6 knots?"

"If I had had that information," Captain Calamai replied. "I would have stopped the engines immediately, giving them full speed astern and then coming possibly to the right, giving the signal of a turn to the right."

Left the radar

The commander of the Andrea Doria finally was saying in effect that, if his second officer had plotted the radar observations of the Stockholm when she was three and a half miles away or had remained to watch the radar pip when the Stockholm turned to its right two miles away, Captain Calamai would not have lost his ship.

When Second Officer Franchini went to the witness-stand, he testified he did not plot radar observations because he had never been the practice to do so in open sea under Captain Calamai's command.

Franchini, after working out substantially the same plots on the manoeuvring board as had Captain Calamai, said that if he had plotted that night he would have seen that the Stockholm was turning to starboard.

At no time that night as he watched his radar scope did he suspect that the Stockholm was making a turn.

He admitted that after he had left the radar it must have

shown clearly that the Stockholm was on a collision course.

The Swedish Line attorney walked up to the witness chair and pointed to the radar plot which Franchini had worked out showing the two ships converging.

"If the captain had not been on the bridge and you as watch officer at the radar had seen by plotting that the passing distance was closing," asked Haight, "what would you have done?"

Franchini hesitated and tried to duck the question. "It all depends," he said. The Swedish Line attorney pressed this question and Franchini, somewhat abashed, finally replied "I would not like to answer because it takes me in a position to criticise eventually the manoeuvre of the commander. Whatever I would have done, I would not want to answer, because the captain did his manoeuvre."

There was an electric silence. Underwood, his hands clasped behind his back, paced the floor. Haight, in a compassionate tone of voice, told Franchini, who was looking round the room for help, "Mr. Franchini, I respect your not wanting in any way to criticise the captain's manoeuvre, but each one is in this court to answer questions as best as he can, and I do, please, want an answer to my question."

Franchini looked despairingly at Underwood. "Do I have to answer?" he asked. The Italian Line lawyer replied bluntly: "If you understand the question, you should answer it."

"Academically speaking," said the second officer, pausing for breath, "most probably I would have reversed the engines and turned to one side."

Curious Characters: No. 10

"Big Dan" weighed

52 stone!

WHEN he was born in March, 1770, at Leicester, Daniel Lambert looked like any other child and his size was normal until he was 19. Then Daniel began to grow.

Before long, he was the biggest and strongest man in the world. He could lift a five-hundredweight load with ease.

Curiously, although "Big Dan" was so enormous, he was handsome, active and strong in character.

Big Dan grew and grew. Soon, he measured 37 inches round the calf. His weight, in his mid-twenties, was 52 stone.

Still Grow

Not surprisingly, behaviour was exemplary at the prison where he was a warder.

And still he grew. His fame spread around the country, and then Europe. Blagier and blagier clothes had to be made for him. Five men could get into his waistcoat. Special beds had to be built for him.

Big Dan was a friend of all three thousand people named children. He taught hundreds at the graveside.

of them how to swim. He himself was so buoyant that he could support two men on his back while he floated.

He now measured 112 inches around the middle. In later life, Big Dan went to live in London. There, he befriended a foreign count—a dwarf, only two feet four inches high. They built a ladder for the dwarf to climb so that he could talk to Big Dan.

Big Dan died and was buried at Stamford. His coffin was six feet four inches long and five feet wide. It was made from 120 square feet of timber.

A long ramp was dug and down this the coffin was wheeled to the grave. It took twenty men to manoeuvre it down the slope.

And when it was lowered, Big Dan was a friend of all three thousand people named children. He taught hundreds at the graveside.



IT COST £300,000 to repair the Stockholm's bow

did and never will reach such a final judgment, for in January 1957, shortly before the engineering officers of the Andrea Doria were scheduled to take the witness-stand, the case was settled out of court.

Damages

The settlement, as finally worked out, provided for both lines to drop their damage suits, ending all legal action against each other.

Thus the Italian Line and its insurers absorbed the loss of their £10,000,000 ship. The Swedish Line interests

dropped their countersuit, absorbing the cost of the £300,000 new Stockholm bow and the estimated £300,000 loss of business during repairs.

The Swedish Line, in a bold demonstration of its confidence in its men, rewarded Captain Nordenson and Third Officer Carstens by immediately assigning them to the new flagship of its White Viking Fleet, the 23,500-ton Gripsholm.

And Captain Calamai? While the other officers and men of the Andrea Doria were reassigned to other ships, he never sailed again.

He was kept on the active rolls of the Italian Line in Genoa until he reached the mandatory retirement age of 60. Then in December 1957, without having been given command of another ship, he was quietly retired.

It is extremely doubtful whether Captain Calamai, after his tragic experience, would have accepted command of another ship. He said: "When I was a boy, and all my life, I loved the sea; now I hate it."

THE END

(London Express Service)

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

VERONICA FAWCETT



Turns her discerning eye on the world of selling—and finds that the husky hero with a boyish grin is taking over from the big-eyed blonde

That £80 smile— what woman could resist it?



MODEL FENTON

TIME was when Big Business couldn't sell a thing—from nuts, bolts, and screws to ball-points and braces—without a big-eyed blonde in the forefront of the picture. Remember?

That was a few years back when the hand that rocks the cradle had not quite tightened its grip on the nation's pursestrings.

But my, how things are changing—and swiftly.

Today sees the beginning of a total eclipse of the model girl—by the model boy.

Why? Because the men don't do the buying any more, and the average woman is instantly antagonistic to the wiles of the professional beauty—even in a photograph.

But a husky young hero with a boyish grin and a cleft in his chin is quite another cup of coffee. His picture will sell her plenty.

I have been talking to a young man who, in three months, has risen to dizzy heights as a model—“Well, pretty dizzy compared to my former life and hard times,” said John Fenton, cradling his hands round his brandy glass and giving me the genuine £5-an-hour grin that is practically irresistible.

A Bit Shattered

I asked if he were not very slightly touchy about his mildly sexy-sounding profession.

“Not now,” said he, “because the money's so splendid. But to begin with my wife was a bit shattered.”

It's certainly a far cry from accountancy, which is where he started. Military service finished that.

“I really was rather broke when I decided to try the photographic agencies.”

“The first two? I didn't get past the door. But the third booked me up for an advertisement for slacks—and there I was, a MODEL.”

“I put everything I'd got into those slacks. And when the photograph was published they cut me off at the waist. But it was three days' work and it made me a packet.”

“Next, there was a tailoring job—a mouse-eye view up the side of the skirt. After that, we hung about there all day waiting for the sun to shine.”

“I remember I had a hole in my sock and there were crowds of giggling schoolgirls and life was generally hell.

“Then it was cigarettes at the seaside with a girl and a boat in the background—and me in the foreground.”

“That shook me. I'd expected to be permanently out of focus—but I've not done any ‘background’ stuff.”

“Since then it's been mugs of beer and a polo pony...lino laying...paterfamilias...drip-dry shirts...caus de Cologne...oh, there's never been a dull moment.”

“Best effort was a midnight session—me breathing down some debutante's neck at the River Club.”

“Pretty deb?” asked I.

“They paid double time for overtime,” said he with feeling. “What about props?”

“Well, I've a pipe for tough parts...horn-rimmed glasses and four inch cuffs for junior executive stuff...the usual ‘falls-to-woods’ wardrobe.”

“Got any Angry Young Man jobs?” said I.

“Hell, no,” said he, “that would be completely out of character.”

“I made £80 last week. I bought a Yorkshire terrace for my wife and a refrigerator.”

“At £5 what have I got to be angry about?” And he gave me another £5 worth of grin. “Trouble is I'll open some paper and there he'll be—offering me bacon, or cat food, or something—I certainly don't need.”

And I'll be sold—I know I will.

Bouffant... And Pumps

She was of minute but mildly astonishing sophistication as she sat under the hair-drier facing mine in a Berkeley Square hairdressing salon.

Her pale, pointed face above the pink-plush wrap-up expressionless as she rustled through the pages of a fashion magazine.

With one hand she caressed the small white Pekinese lying across her knees.

I looked down, and below the gown hung two thin legs and a pair of well-scruffed flat-heeled pumps.

Half an hour later, as I waited to be “combed out,” I noted the blonde bouffant hairstyle emerging, watched the final, scented spraying, saw the pink plisse wrappings removed, and out stepped a cotton-frocked child with a Mayfair hair-do.

It was little Hayley Mills—all “set” for America.

(London Express Service).

Handel Not In The Strand

By Muriel Penn

Two new boutiques opened in Mayfair this spring are offering debutantes and business girls just about everything from a complete day—and night—wardrobe for themselves to complete ties and sweaters for their boy friends and a silk pillow for an invalid grandmother.

At the Boutique Harcourt, the most stylish of the two, Mr. Lester Gordon has opened a miniature store with a modest door designed by the artist, Charles Harcourt, the name and the design come from the fact that the boutique is situated in Harcourt Street, near the Strand.

It is a small, intimate place, with a few seats and a small counter. The owner, Mr. Gordon, is a young man with a friendly smile and a keen eye for fashion.

He has a collection of the latest fashions, and he is always ready to help a customer choose the best. He is a true fashionista, and he knows his stuff.

He has a small collection of the latest fashions, and he is always ready to help a customer choose the best. He is a true fashionista, and he knows his stuff.

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He has a small collection of the latest fashions, and he is always ready to help a customer choose the best. He is a true fashionista, and he knows his stuff.

● Planned to bridge that gap between summer and winter is this perfect all-rounder... a dress to buy now and wear—till Christmas maybe?

The fabric—a black and white cotton tweed that could be anything—either silky, woolly, nor obviously cottony. The collar and cuffs are bordered with black braid—with stiff belt to match.

The price—to suit every business girl's pay packet—is £4 10s. 6d.

PICTURE BY JOHN ADRIAN

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 25

SUNDAY, JULY 26

BORN today, you have been given by the stars a great deal of talent in a number of different directions. In fact, you may be above average in several fields and consequently have difficulty in settling on any one career as your life work. This lack of concentration is the only thing which could prevent you from reaching an early success. Get an early start, cultivate a one-track ambition, and you are all right. Spread your energies too widely and you will always make a good living, but never reach the fame you deserve.

You probably speak well in public and are able to persuade others to do what you want most of the time. You have a magnetic personality, as well, and will become the centre of any group. You are imaginative, inventive, intellectual and scientific. This broad area of knowledge is apt to make you rather more introverted.

More than many born under this sign, your dreams are apt to be symbolic. Learn to interpret them and to follow your instincts. Although you attract people into your orbit, you do not make close friends easily or quickly and appear to be rather aloof at first meeting. It is only among your closest friends and relatives that your affectionate nature is at its best. High-spirited, you are also highly tempered and need to learn self-control in this regard.

Among those born on this date are: Morris Immanuel Cohen, educator and philosopher; Thomas Eakins, painter and sculptor; Arthur James Hilditch, British statesman; Madeline Tarrish, painter and illustrator.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

BORN today, you have been blessed with a keen sense of humour. Good and bad influences are intermingled today, but if you are smart, you can select the good ones. You are a bit of a joker, and you are not afraid to laugh at yourself. You are a bit of a joker, and you are not afraid to laugh at yourself. You are a bit of a joker, and you are not afraid to laugh at yourself.

You have a keen sense of humour. Good and bad influences are intermingled today, but if you are smart, you can select the good ones. You are a bit of a joker, and you are not afraid to laugh at yourself. You are a bit of a joker, and you are not afraid to laugh at yourself.

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to keep your philanthropy quite to yourself. Although you have a deep emotional nature, you are not apt to make a display of your emotions. It is likely that you will either work fairly early in life or not at all. Be sure to select a partner who can cope with your unusual personality. It should be someone willing to follow your lead, rather than to lead you.

Among those born on this date are: George Clinton, early Governor of New York State; Frederick Morsmer Clapton, poet, critic, art authority and lecturer; Helen Kefauver, legislator; Carl Jung, psychologist; George Bernard Shaw, author and playwright.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

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SPECIAL OCCASIONS

"Important visitors, V.I.P.s for Fred... and a strenuous time for me too... after that long drive on their last afternoon showing them some of the sights... we had only enough time to bathe and change... and then we took them for dinner to one of the newest nightspots... I might have thought I'd be just a little tired... but it turned out to be a wonderful evening... one of those even-ings when everything goes right... when you know you're at your best, look- ing your loveliest."

Thanks partly to that Knight's Castle bath... as always! Carol has a way of managing things, of rising to any occasion... cool, bright and refreshed. It's a lucky gift. And she also uses Knight's Castle every day. That helps. Mild, pure and expensively perfumed, the real luxury toilet soap. Try this gentle soap. Use it daily for a spell and find out for yourself how it will help to keep you looking your loveliest always!

Made in England

Look your loveliest WITH KNIGHT'S CASTLE TOILET SOAP

It's fabulouscious! Your new look in lipstick!

'COLORS' UNLIMITED'

BY *Revlon*

12 exciting new colors...
pale! shocking! off-beat!

The greatest lipstick fashion news yet! Shiny pastels, pinks, luscious... even violets—all as keeping you'll want three or four!

It's history unlimited!

Extra attraction! "WHITE A LA CARTE"
Create your own custom color tones with this white! Under a color, it lightens. Over a color, it brightens.



RIGHT: Scene at the departure of Mr J.C. McDouall, Secretary for Chinese Affairs, and Mrs McDouall on home leave recently. Left to right are Mr Kwok Chan, Mrs Loong, Mr McDouall and Mr P.T. Loong.

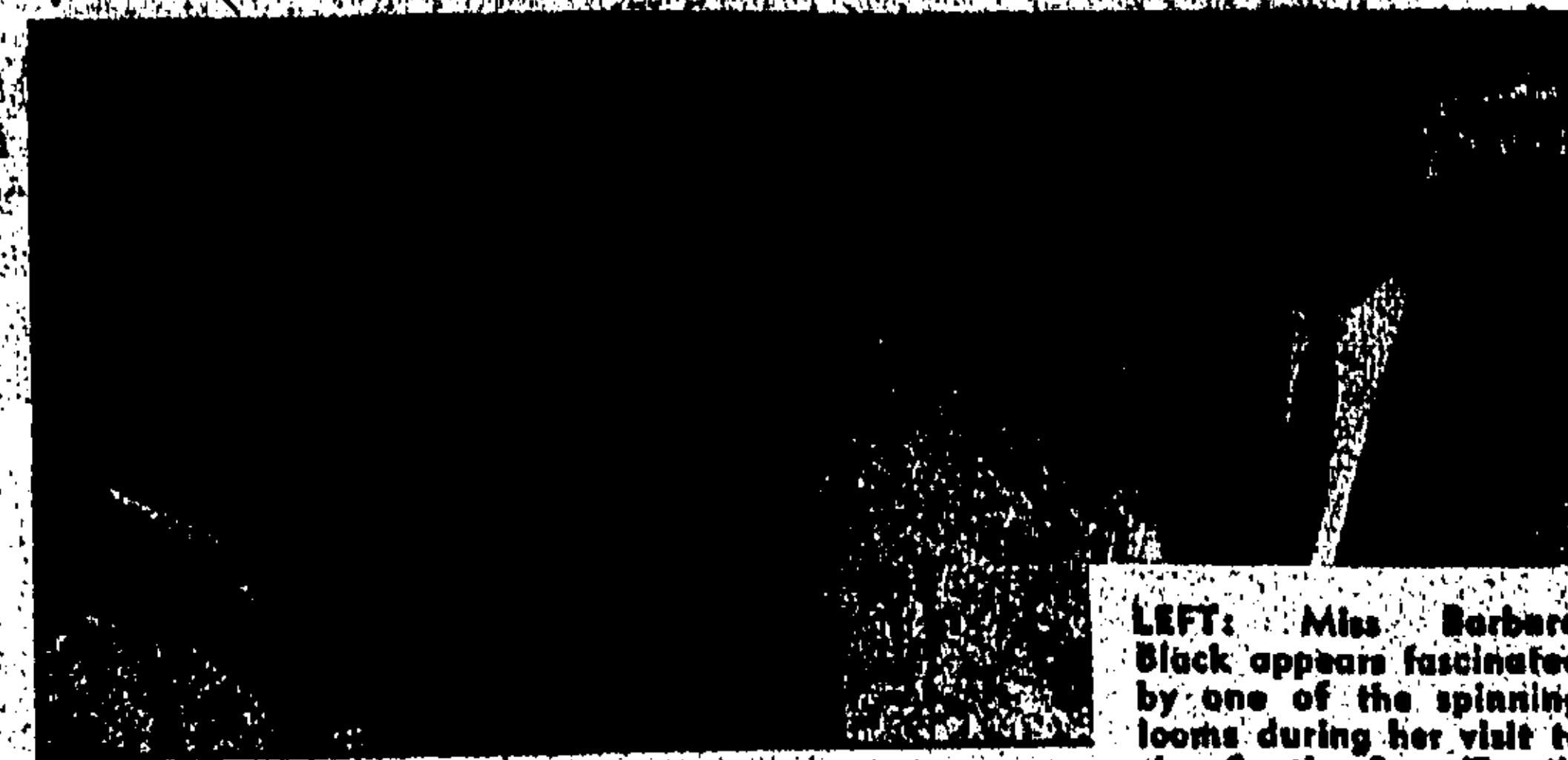
BELOW: Some of the guests who were aboard the Cathay Pacific Airways DC-3 which officially inaugurated night flights at Kai Tak Airport seen prior to take-off. They flew around Hongkong for 20 minutes before the plane turned back and made its landing approach shortly before 9 o'clock last Friday.



LEFT: A highlight of the drill display given by members of the U.S. Marine Corps Band and Drill team which visited Hongkong last week. The display was given at Gun Club Hill.



RIGHT: Chief Justice and Lady Hogan recently visited the Juvenile Court on its 11th anniversary. Seen are (l-r) Mr N. C. Chan, Mr Michael Hogan, Lady Hogan and Mr Kwok Chan.



LEFT: Miss Barbara Black appears fascinated by one of the spinning looms during her visit to the South Sea Textile Manufacturing Co., Ltd. last week. On left are Mr P.Y. Tang (managing director of the firm) and Mrs W. Kwok.

BELOW: Delta Airline's flight-stewardess, Miss Norma Mary Webb, who is also known as the "Flying Angel" for her hobby of aiding foreign students in the United States, arrived in Hongkong for a visit recently. Seen here are (l-r) Miss O.K. Lee, Mr Chris Chan, Miss Webb, Dr L.H. Lee (Miss Webb's protege), Mr Terence Cleaver and Mr S.K. Fan.



ABOVE: Mr Lachu Bragchand Melwani and his bride, the former Miss Guni Mohan, who were married in a colourful ceremony at the Repulse Bay Hotel on Thursday.

BELOW RIGHT: Mr K.W.J. Topley presents a prize to Miss Cheung Chor-san at the prize-giving ceremony of the Tai O Fishermen's School recently.



ABOVE: Mrs Amparo Villamor, Social Service Administrator of The Philippines, greeted on arrival at Kai Tak Airport on Sunday by P.I. Consul Mr J. Fornier. Mrs Villamor is en route to Rome where she will attend an international conference on problems of the physically handicapped.



ABOVE: Three pretty Japanese performers of the Japanese Yano circus troupe, which begins its season in Hongkong on August 1. Two shipments of animals of the circus arrived recently.



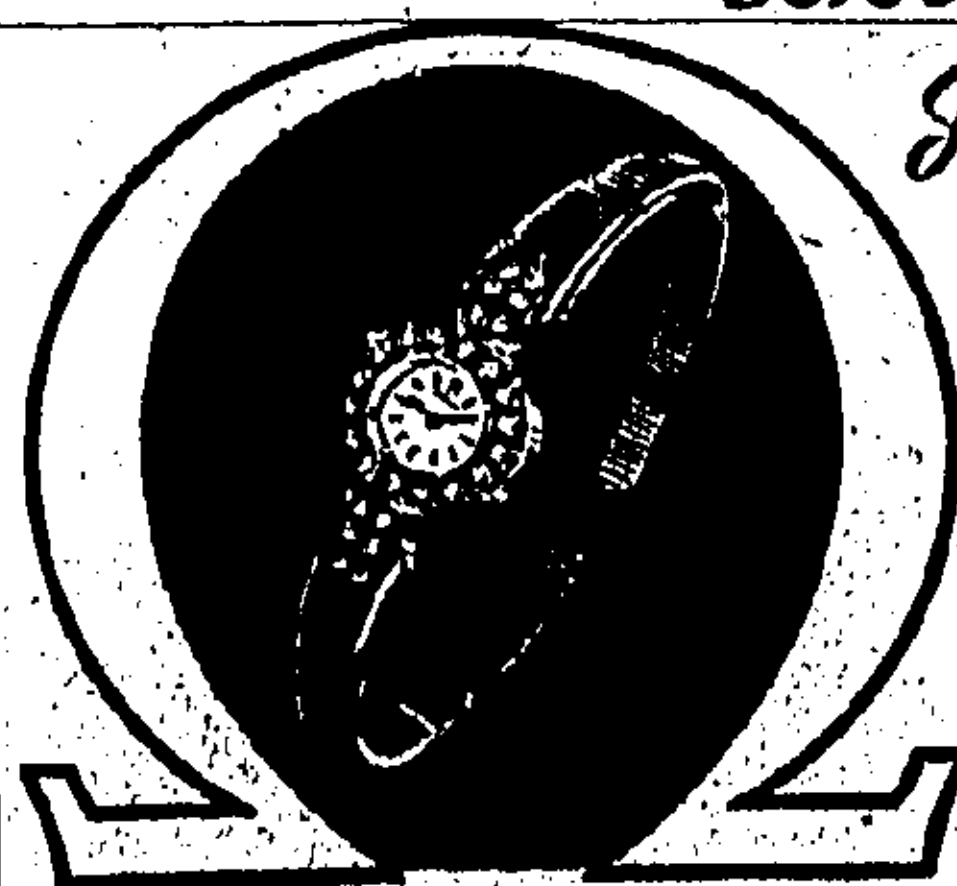
BELOW: For the first time in its history, the gigantic Tai Lam Chung Reservoir overflowed. The new reservoir filled up rapidly during the torrential downpours in June and spilled over this week when additional rains fell.



ABOVE: Brownies of the 10th Kowloon Pack this week presented gifts to pupils of the Mu Kuang English School during its prize-giving ceremony. Seen is Christine O'Rourke handing over her gift to one of the students.

OMEGA

There is a wonderful selection of Jewelled Watches for Ladies



Ranging from HK\$1000-

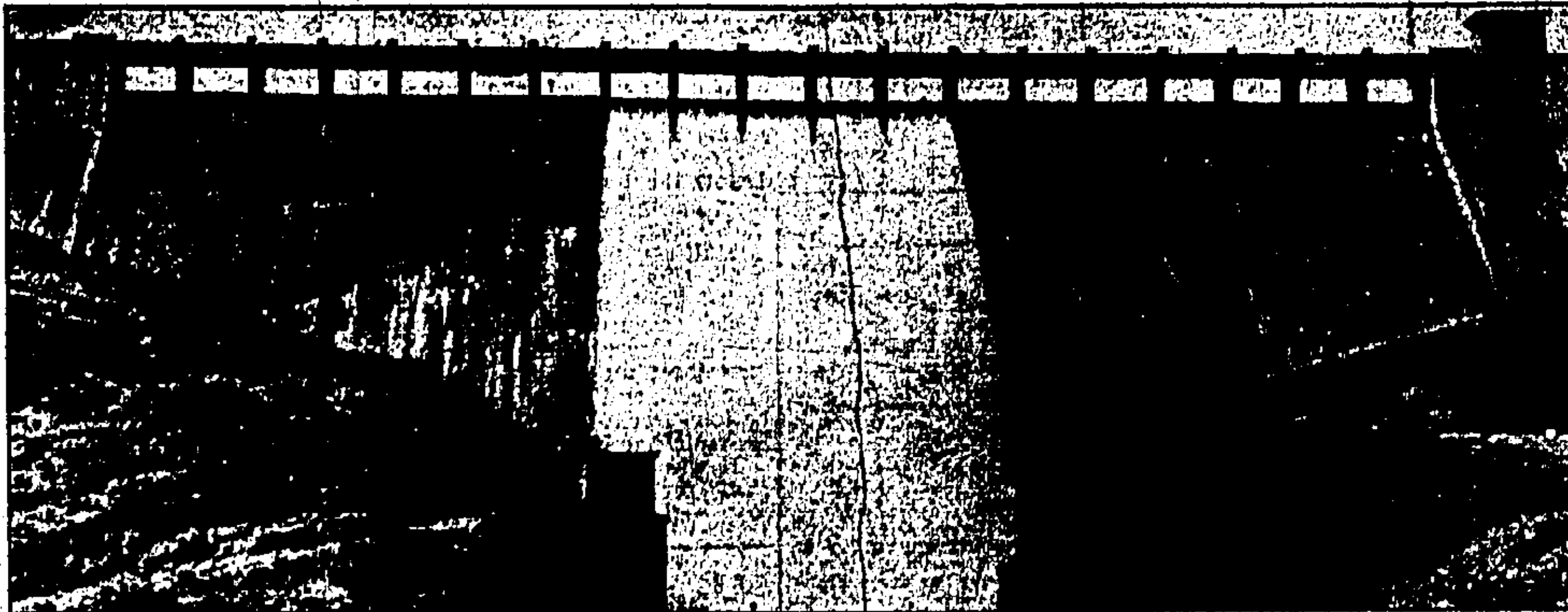
The watch the world has learned to trust. Some day you will own one.

BUY ONLY FROM AUTHORIZED RETAILERS.

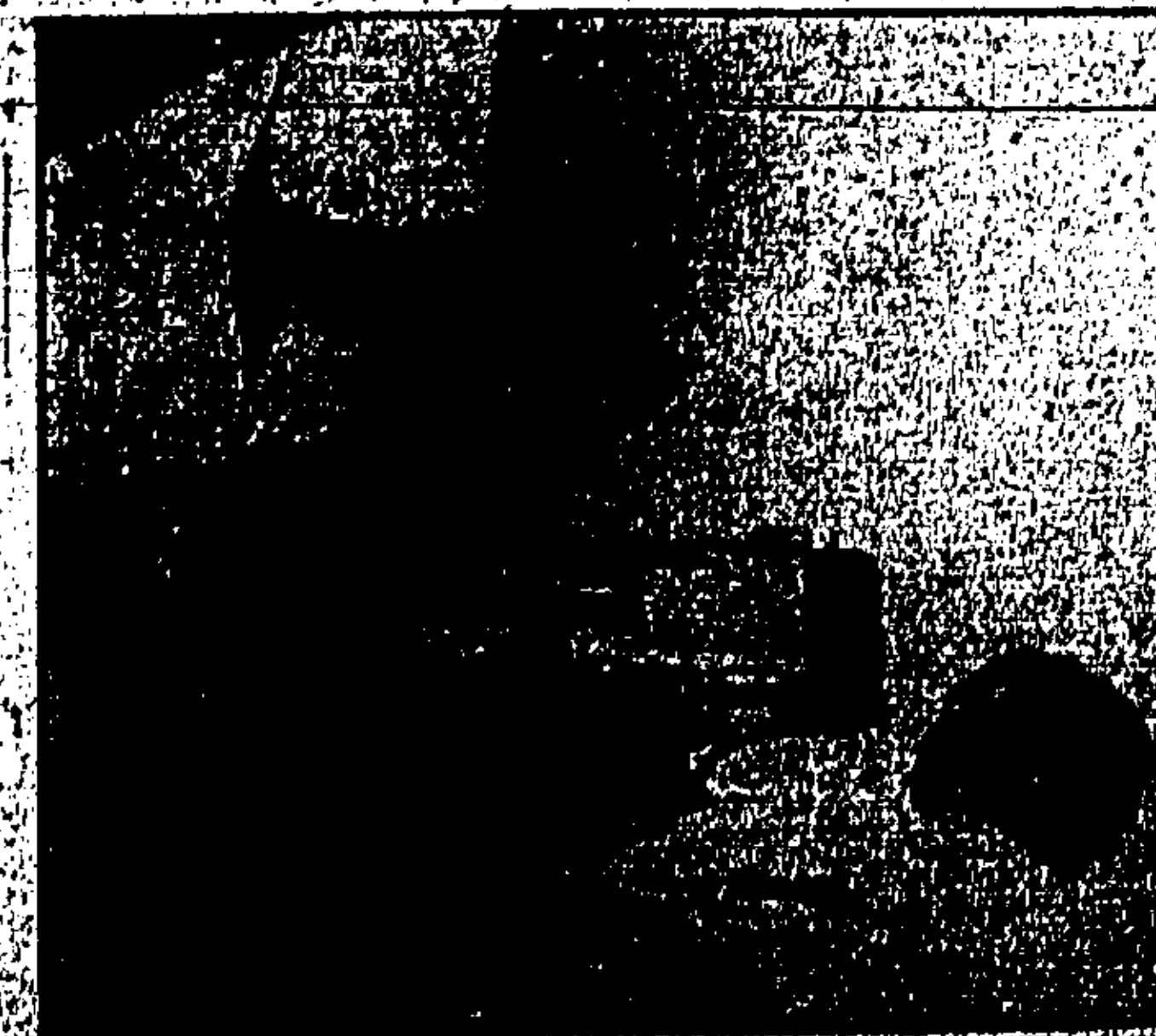
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OMEGA

14, Jordan Road.



ABOVE: Mr. N. C. Chan, Mr. Michael Hogan, Lady Hogan, and Mr. Kwok Chan are seen at the 11th anniversary of the Juvenile Court.



ABOVE: Brownies of the 10th Kowloon Pack this week presented gifts to pupils of the Mu Kuang English School during its prize-giving ceremony. Seen is Christine O'Rourke handing over her gift to one of the students.

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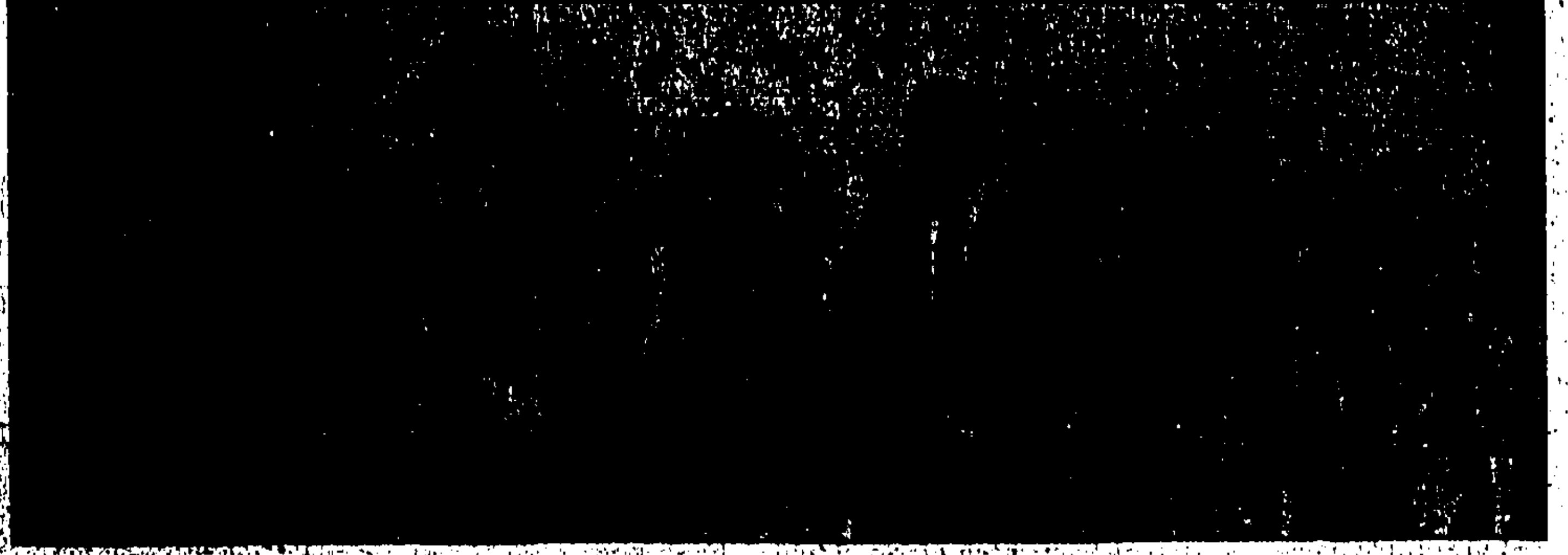
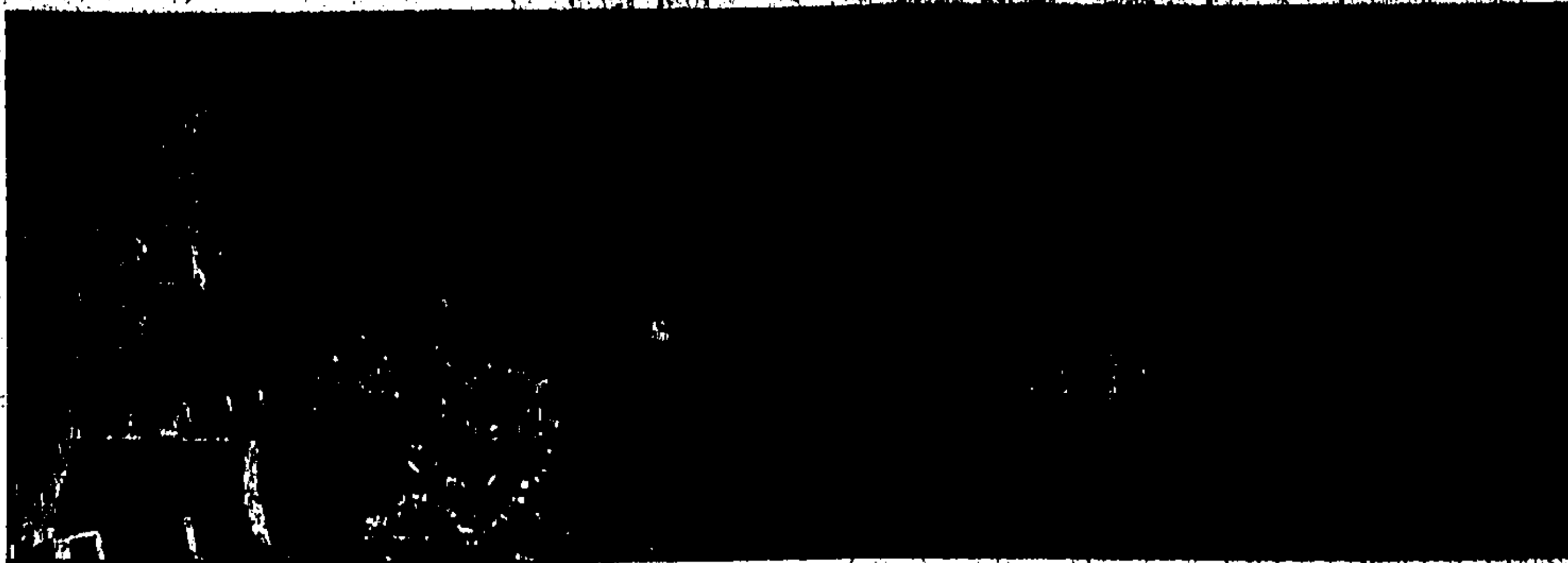
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ABOVE: Col. M. Y. Fletcher, Chief of Staff, Land Forces HQ, Hongkong, takes the salute of last Saturday's passing-out parade of 29 Centenary recruit police constables at the Police Training School, Aberdeen.

ABOVE: Saying farewell to Mr. and Mrs. B.C.K. Hawkins (second, third from left) at Queen's Pier are (l-r): Mr. Cheung Chan-hon, Mr. and Mrs. Kwok Chan, Mrs. Cheung Chan-hon. Mr. Hawkins was formerly Secretary for Chinese Affairs.



ABOVE: Pretty Ting Hung, Hongkong film actress, waves goodbye shortly before joining a party of newsmen, travel agents and other guests on Cathay Pacific Airways inaugural flight to Australia last week.



ABOVE: During the Kowloon Y's Men's Club visit to the Boys' and Girls' Club at Lo Fu Ngan Re-Settlement Estate this week (l-r): Mr. Chow Wing-lau, Mr. O.W. Woo, Rev. L.E. Noren and Mr. C.P. Louie.



ABOVE: Mr. D. J. S. Crozier removes his spectacles for a closer look at a notice board during his visit to the Northcote Training College on Saturday. It was the College's 20th anniversary. With Mr. Crozier is the Principal, Mr. C. H. Cheng.

LEFT: Count Serge de Robiano and Sir Robert Black seen during a toast at the Belgian National Day reception held this week.

LEFT: Miss A. Unthank, Dr. C. Hughes, Mr. K.C. Wong during a dinner held by the St John Ambulance Brigade celebrating Mr. Wong's recent M.B.E. appointment.



RIGHT: Mrs. J.A. Pegg receives a gift from Mr. O. Sadick after opening a new Shell servicing station at Stubbs Road.

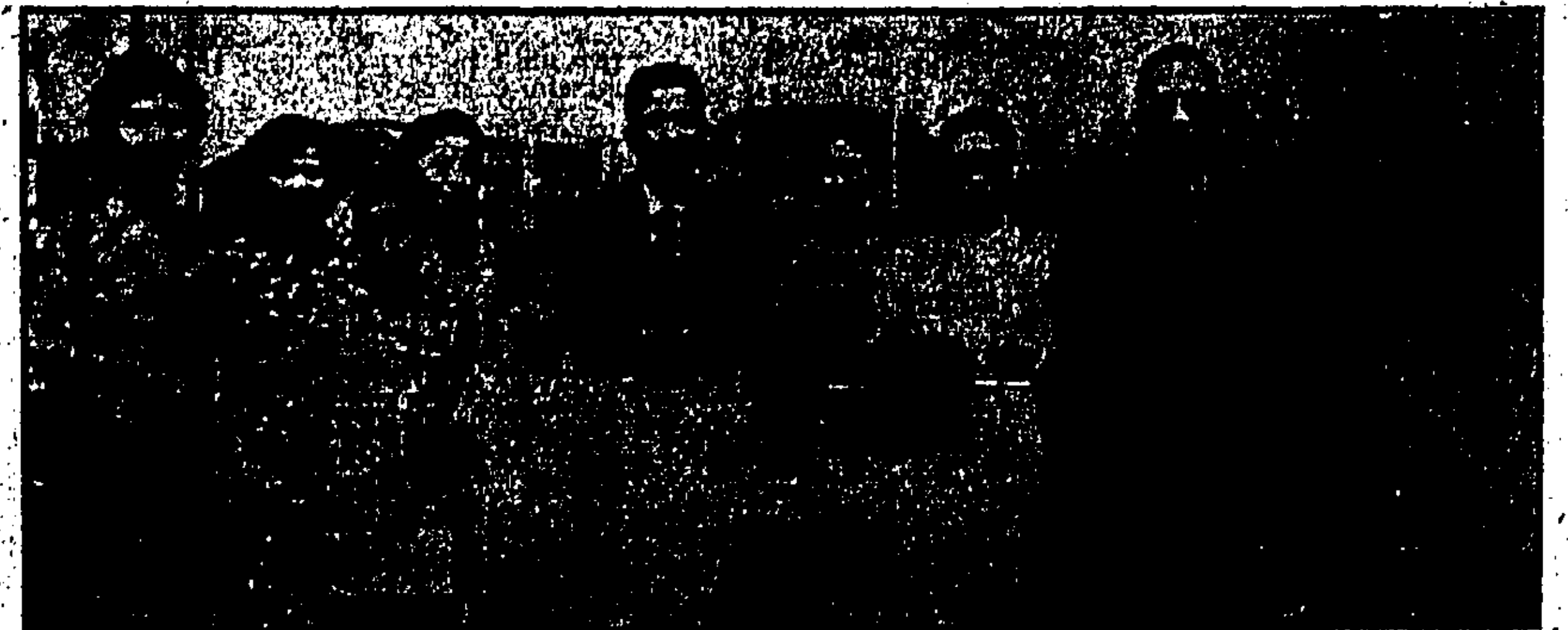
RIGHT: Scotty "King Kong" de la Roche, in his gorilla suit, poses with Miss Sally Contreras during the opening of the Round-Up Room this week.



ABOVE: Susan Lowrie, 7, and friends who helped her celebrate her birthday last week. She is the daughter of Mr and Mrs J. Lowrie.

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Cheung Chan-hon (second and third from left), seen with friends and relatives on their return from a round-the-world tour last week.

LEFT: Lady Bastyan at the opening of Calvin House, new WRAC quarters, at Victoria Barracks last Saturday.



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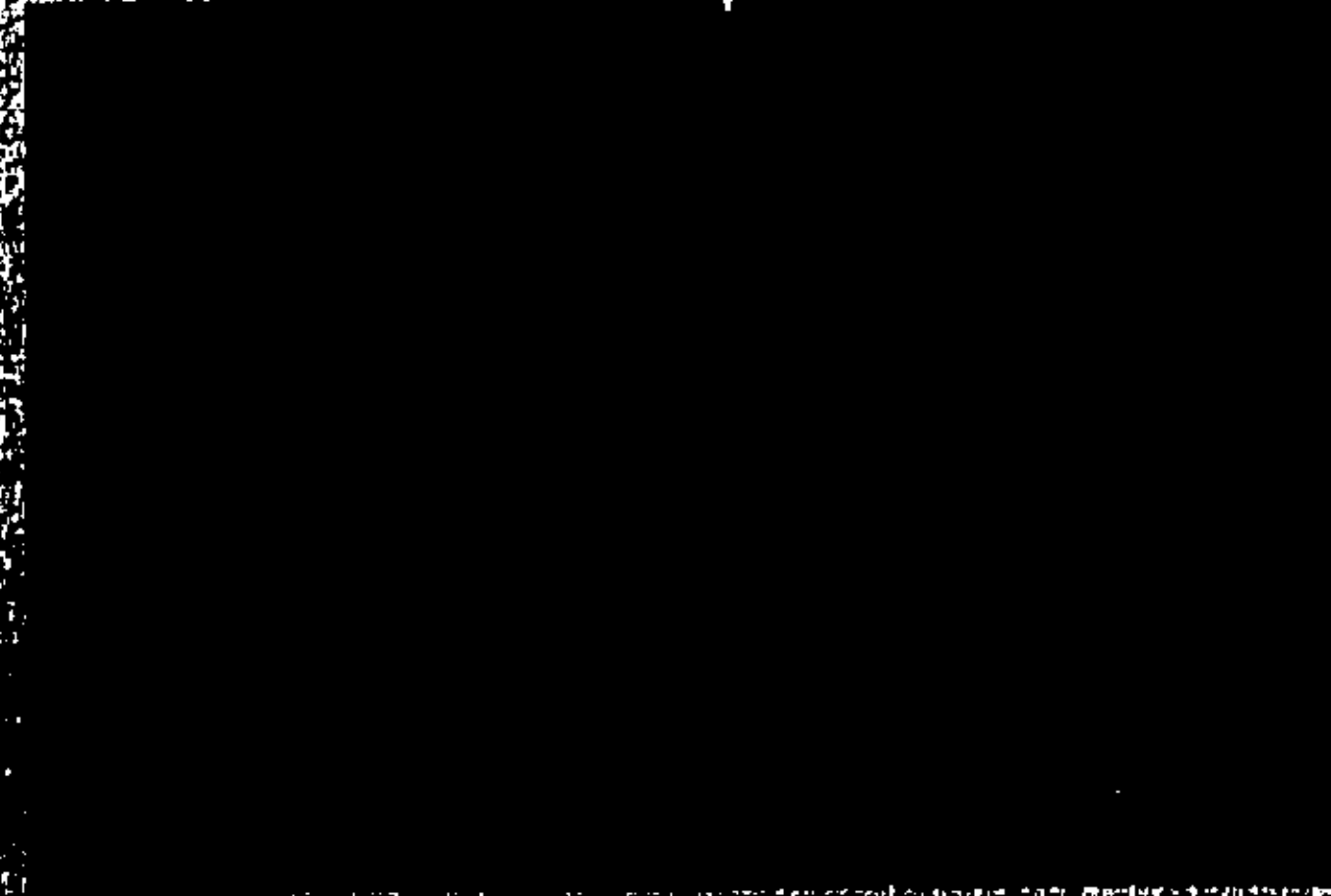
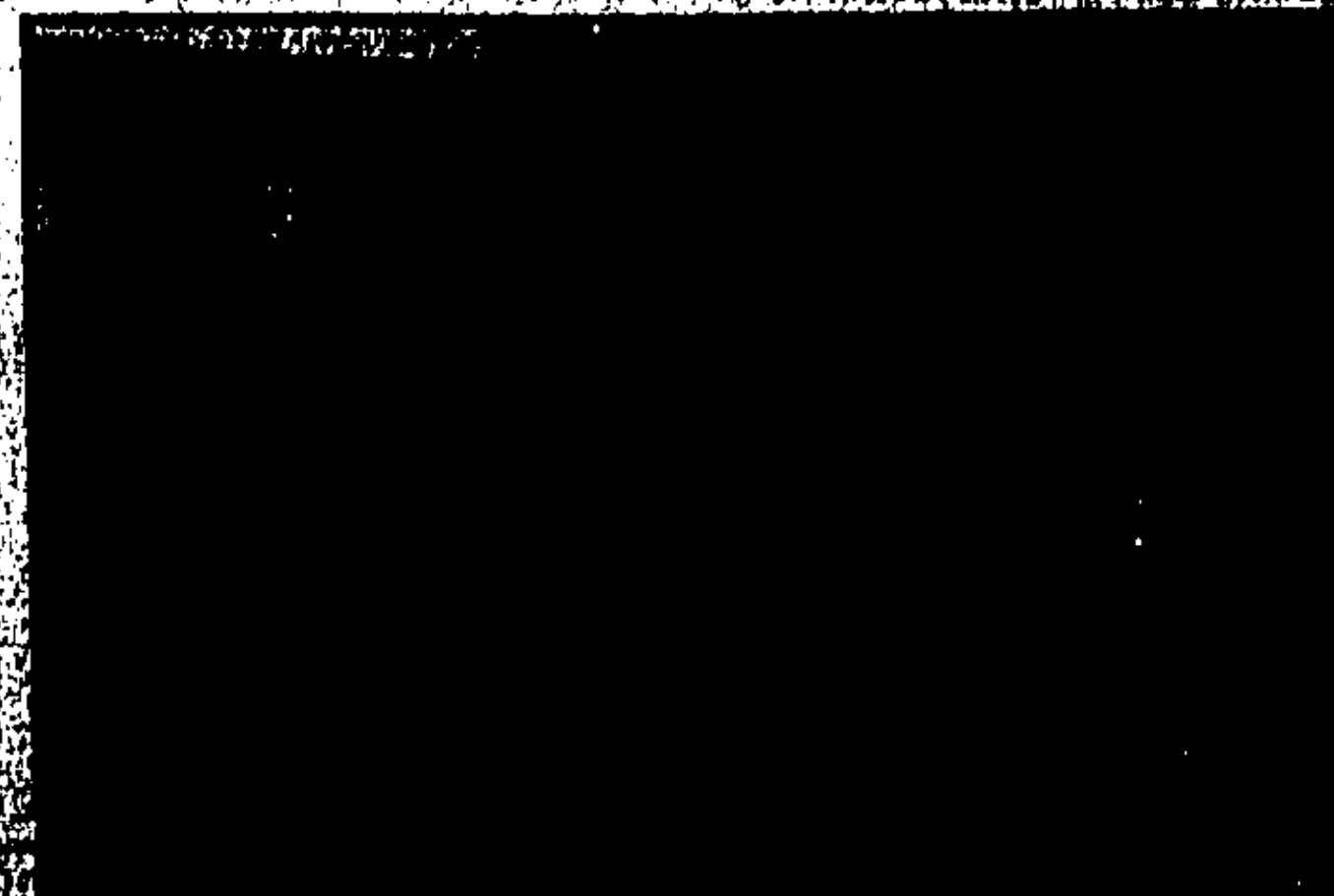
ALEXANDRA HOUSE TEL. 51112



BELOW: Mr Robert Kintner, president of NBC, and Mrs Kintner, arrived in the Colony from Tokyo for a visit recently. They are seen here with Mr J. G. Robinson (right), who met them at Kai Tak Airport.

ABOVE: Lord Ewailan, World Chief Scout (second from left) seen during his visit to the Boy Scouts' Headquarters, Cox's Road, on Sunday. Lord Ewailan spent a few hours in the Colony en route to the World Jamboree in Manila.

BELOW: Choi Lee-kung, young deaf mute, who won the 1959 Walkathon last week for the second successive year. He set up a new record of seven hours, 14 minutes, 57 seconds for the grueling 43.6-mile course.



Tonight's Floorshows

★ ★ ★

BOB MARKSWORTH
SENSATIONAL ARCHER

★ ★ ★

FRANCO & TERRY
Direct from Canada

Music by: Pennington Garcia and his
Dynasty Dancers

Vocalist: Luz Vi Minda

THE GARDEN

FOR RESERVATIONS PHONE 51112

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

JULY'S NOT TOO SOON TO
START WINTER KNITTING

Man's Raglan Pullover

MATERIALS: 1 pair each of No. 9 and 10 knitting needles.
16 (17) (18) (19) ozs of
Eum Scotch or Botany 4
ply.

MEASUREMENTS:

| | Chest | 38 | 40 | 42 | 44 |
|-------------|-------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Length | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | |
| Sleeve seam | 19½ | 19½ | 19½ | 19½ | 19½ |

TENSION:

8 sts. and 9 rows to 1 sq. inch.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K., knit; p., purl; st(s), stitch(es); tog., together.

NOTE:

These instructions are written in four sizes, stitches and measurements for the smallest size being given in the ordinary way, the larger sizes being bracketed in the following spaces.

BACK & FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 160 (169) (175) (184) sts. and work in k., p., rib for 3 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and commence wider rib as follows:—

1st row: (Right side) * K.1, p.2, repeat from * to last st., k.1.

2nd row: * P.1, k.2, repeat from * to last st., p.1.

Repeat these 2 rows throughout.

Continue on these sts. until work measures 15½ (16) (16½) (17) inches from the beginning.

Shape Raglan Armholes

Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at both ends of the next 15 (16) (17) (21) rows.

Le., 118 (119) (125) (130) sts. on the needle. Now decrease 1 st. at both ends of every alternate row until 48 (50) (52) (54) sts. remain. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 73 (81) (88) (97) sts. and work in k., p., rib for 3 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and continue in wider rib as given in instructions for Back and Front, increasing 1 st. at both ends of 5th and every following 4th row until there are 135 (145) (152) (161) sts. on the needle. Continue on these sts. until work measures 19½ inches from the beginning.

**Shape Raglan Top**

Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at both ends of the next 15 (16) (17) (21) rows. Le., 93 (95) (102) (107) sts. on the needle. Now decrease 1 st. at both ends of every alternate row until 25 (27) (30) (30) sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

Using a back stitch seam, join 3 raglan seams, omitting left back seam. With No. 10 needles and right side of work facing, knit up 25 (27) (30) (30) sts. across top of sleeve and 48 (50) (52) (54) sts. across back neck. 144 (154) (164) (168) sts. Work in k., p., rib on these sts. for 1 inch. Cast off in rib.

TO COMPLETE

Pin out each piece of garment to correct measurements and press lightly with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Using a back stitch seam, join side and remaining raglan seam and neck-band.

STORIES FOR BOYS & GIRLS
EASY PAINTING SYSTEM

CONTRARY to popular belief, age has nothing to do with painting skill.

Any teen-ager can do a good paint job for his mother if he follows this six-step easy painting system.

1. Clean the surface to be painted. Whether it's a wall, a chair or a counter top that needs painting, you must make sure that the surface is clean, smooth and dry.

2. If there are any holes or cracks in the surface, fill them in with plastic wood, and sand smooth.

3. Spread newspapers on the floor to protect it when you stir the paint with a paddle or a stick.

4. If you are painting large areas of room, woodwork, you first remove hardware and fittings.

5. If you are painting old woodwork, formerly finished with heavy varnish stain, seal it in with a primer coat of aluminium paint. If you are painting with enamel over enamel, the primer is not necessary. Use two coats of paint for best results.

6. Paint strokes depend on what you are painting. Table and chairs should be started upside down. Paint legs first, then under-surfaces. Finally, turn the pieces right-side up and paint the top.

Doors and windows should have the tops painted first, then the upright parts.

For enamel paint, the "cross stroke" does a fine job. Brush in one direction, then cross—finally, back to the original direction.

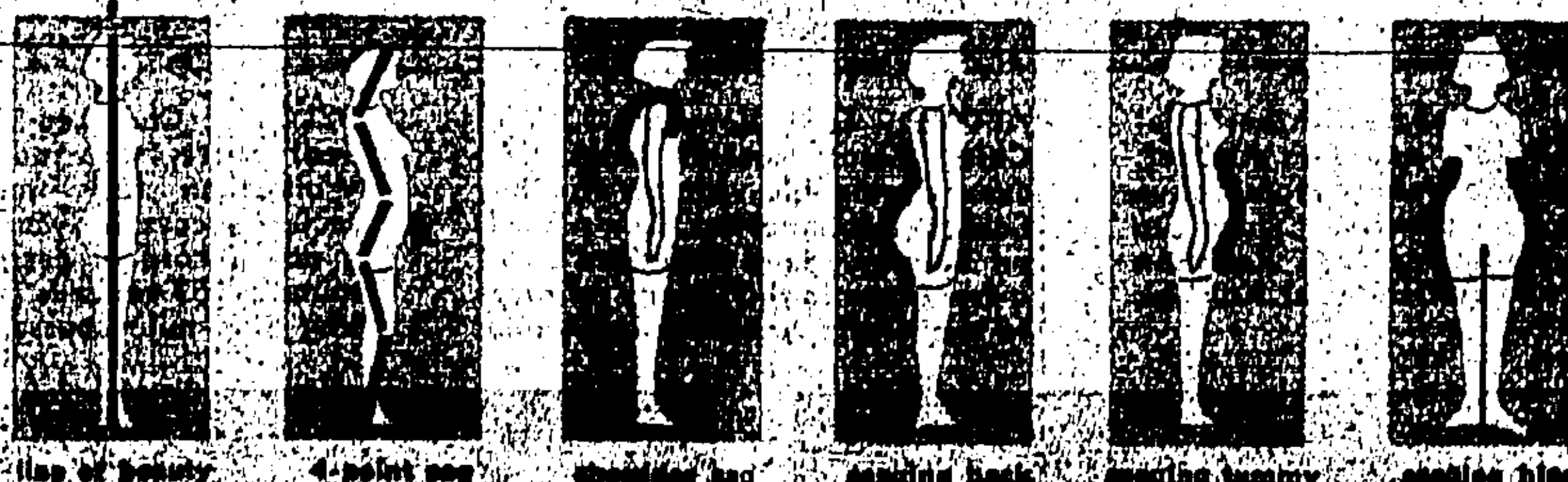
YOU, TOO, CAN BE A PAINTER—



—By Manuel Almada

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A WORD WITH THE DOCTOR
FACTS ABOUT HYPNOSIS

MORE is being heard these days about hypnosis and, as usual, there's a danger of it coming to be thought of as more useful than it actually is.

We are apt to forget that it isn't in the least a new treatment. It was commonly used in the 18th century days of leeches and blood-letting. Then it fell into disrepute and in recent years it became a very "good line" for the variety artist. Hypnosis is now back in its proper place—in the bottom of the doctor's black bag.

Hypnosis has a number of advantages as a form of treatment. It's cheap of everything except time; it is completely painless and leaves no after-effects of any kind.

The psychologist can use hypnosis as a means of "getting inside" the mind before using other treatments—an easy sort of surgery which gives him a chance to look around.

He can do a great deal for the genuine hysterical patient, and for those suffering from some disease due to nervous strain. For example, a businessman may develop a duodenal ulcer as the result of overwork.

I am not suggesting that hypnosis itself will heal a nasty ulcerated area in your stomach but it can be used to put the business tycoon in a calm and more relaxed frame of mind. Then he becomes more susceptible to drugs, dieting, and rules about living more sensibly, than before hypnosis.

A TEMPORARY CURE

There is a small group of conditions for which hypnosis may or may not give the answer. It can be used as a temporary cure for smoking. Temporary, because it can only set a heavy smoker off on the right lines. It can do what years of nagging from his wife has failed to do, but only for a few weeks.

This length of time may just be sufficient for the craving for tobacco to be "knocked out." Unfortunately, it often isn't long enough and after the hypnosis effects have worn off the smoker starts fumbling in his pocket for his packet.

Even if it were practicable, it has been found that repeated doses of hypnosis for over-smoking are not successful. It has also been used as a cure for obesity.

The patient can be persuaded that he has lost interest in food, but here again, the first spell of succulent meat three weeks after the hypnosis often proves the good which has been done.

DURING CHILDBIRTH

One of the chief uses of hypnosis is during childbirth. There are considerable advantages in using hypnosis for this purpose.

It is perfectly safe, there's no risk to the baby, and it leaves the mother able to enjoy the experience of giving birth but without the pain.

Hypnosis can also be used as an anaesthetic. Many different operations have been done under hypnosis and, oddly enough, the very healthy and young patients seem to make the best subjects for this kind of anaesthesia. The 40-year-old may prove a tough customer and it is only

in old age that he may once again become susceptible to the hypnosis.

Stammering is occasionally benefited by hypnosis and there is one other rare use of it worth mentioning. It has been used to help people and misplaced property. If the umbrella-loser has his hypnosis soon after his losing he may be able to recall where he last saw it.

TIME FACTOR

Why, it may be asked, in view of all this, so easily give through the help of hypnosis, is it not used more often. Public prejudice against hypnosis has diminished greatly, so why is it so rarely used?

The simple answer is the TIME it takes. Many doctors could well learn the technique quickly enough but they would rarely be able to spare the time to use it.

For example, if used during a confinement it may require the constant attendance of the hypnotist for many hours. Even a consultation and single treatment for some nervous disorder can easily call for a number of sessions of an hour each.

Until doctors are provided with a 72-hour day the uses of hypnosis are bound to be restricted. But it is well that the public should know the uses of the technique and its limitations.

Pixie O'Scowl's Net

—Hand Wants To Know What It's Used For—

By MAX TRELL

HAND, the Shadow Girl, was walking along the edge of the brook, looking for flowers, when all of a sudden she heard someone saying:

"Watch out, you big cat! You nearly stepped on me!"

"Oh," said Hand. "I'm terribly sorry."

Then Hand looked around to see who was talking. At first she saw no one.

Discovers Pixie

Finally, after stooping down and searching carefully among the ferns and swamp cabbages that grew along the banks of the brook, she discovered Pixie O'Scowl.

"Why, it's you!" she exclaimed.

"Of course it's me!" said Pixie O'Scowl. "Who did you expect it to be?"

"I don't know," said Hand. "If you don't know, keep your mouth shut!" said Pixie O'Scowl.

"Oh, why do you have to be so rude?" Hand asked.

She reached over and seized the angry Pixie between her thumb and forefinger. She picked him up and looked at him.

Very, Very Small

He wasn't much bigger than a clothespin.

Pixie O'Scowl was dressed in a green suit made of clover leaves. He had a hat that looked like an overturned buttercup and a pair of shoes made out of two hollowed-out mandarin seeds.

Hand noticed that he was holding something the size of a match stick with a piece of cobweb tied to the end of it.

What Is It?

"What's that you've got there?" Hand asked, as she held Pixie O'Scowl up to her face. She gave him a bit of a squeeze to make him answer promptly.

"Leggo, you on! Leggo!" Pixie O'Scowl yelled. He kicked and squirmed.

Hand squeezed him another squeeze, a little harder than the first one, just to make him behave himself.

"What's that thing you've got there?" Hand asked, as she held Pixie O'Scowl up to her face. She gave him a bit of a squeeze to make him answer promptly.

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"Of course it's me!" said Pixie O'Scowl.

"It's a net! Leggo!" Pixie O'Scowl yelled in answer. "A net?" asked Hand. "A fish net?"

"No! It's not a fish net. It's a net for catching butterflies."

"A butterfly net?" asked Hand. "It's a butterfly net, dear!" said Pixie O'Scowl.

"Leggo!" was all Pixie O'Scowl would answer as he squirmed harder than ever trying to wriggle out from between her two fingers.

Third Squeeze

Hand gave him a third squeeze.

"Come, dear, what kind of a net is it? Oh, I know," she exclaimed the next second. "It's a butterfly net."

"No! No! No!" At that moment, Hand realized that it couldn't possibly be a butterfly net.

"A butterfly is twice as big as his net," she said to herself.

"I'll tell you what it is if you'll let me go!" Pixie O'Scowl said.

"All right, I'll let you go. What is it?"

"Let me go first," said Pixie O'Scowl. "I don't believe you, you cat."

Sets Him Down

Hand gently set Pixie O'Scowl down under the fern leaf where she had found him. However, she held on to the end of his clover leaf coat to make sure he wouldn't dart off.

"Well," she said, "what kind of a net is it?"

"It's not a fish net. It's not a butterfly net. It's a Gnat net!"

And with that Pixie O'Scowl wrenched himself free and in her hand with the cobweb darted off, leaving just the end of a clover leaf in Hand's fingers.

Rupert and Raggety—2



What's that you've got there? Hand asked, as she held Pixie O'Scowl up to her face. She gave him a bit of a squeeze to make him answer promptly.

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BOOK PAGE

When a ruthless man crosses someone more ruthless still

TROTSKY'S DIARY IN EXILE. Faber. 21s.

AFTER the wine, on the balcony, the talk touched upon a sentimental subject — personal tastes and predilections.

Stalin said: "The greatest delight is to mark one's enemy, prepare everything, arrange one's self thoroughly, and then go to sleep."

When Kameney told him this anecdote later on, did Trotsky feel a premonitory shiver run down his spine? It is unlikely. Trotsky was a very brave man. He also had the pride of Lucifer.

For Stalin, "that savage," he had only contempt. And probably it did not occur to Trotsky that he, the ruthless revolutionary, had met in Stalin a cold, bureaucratic killer far more ruthless than himself.

It occurred to him later on. Look at the score: Trotsky's wife dies in a concentration camp. His son Sergey

by George Malcolm Thomson

is arrested and charged with "poisoning the workers." His son Lyova dies in suspicious circumstances in France, one secretary's boy is found decapitated in the Seine. Another secretary is kidnapped in Barcelona.

Trotsky had been warned: "Stalin will take vengeance on you, your children and your grandchildren." As the years passed, he came to realise how accurate this prophecy was.

Lenin...

Let nobody misunderstand what this book is. It is a diary which Trotsky kept during seven months of 1935 in France and Norway. It is no more.

Yet it is not to be despised, because Trotsky is one of the literary masters of our age. The spark of his genius may here be few, but they are brilliant.

What could be more vivid than his description of Lenin when, suddenly, the Russian civil war was going well:

"It seemed to me that he was looking at me with somehow different eyes. He had a way of falling in love with people when they showed him a certain side of themselves. . . . Now deeply, how distinctly and how indelibly all the details, large and small, of the visit are engraved on my memory!"

The murder of the Tsar is recalled in phrases of casual drama: "Talking to Sverdlov, I asked in passing: 'Oh, yes, and where is the Tsar?' 'It's all over,' he answered, 'he has been shot.' 'And where is the family?' 'The family along with him. What about it?'"

"He was waiting to see my reaction. I made no reply. . . . I was never curious about how the sentence was carried out and, frankly, do not understand such curiosity."

At the time Trotsky wrote this diary, he was getting on in years (the unforgivable sin, said Lenin, is to be over 55); his blood pressure was high; he was a hypochondriac.

Trotsky thought his death, like Lenin's, would be caused by a stroke. He did not foresee that one day a man would call on him in his Mexican retreat with an icepick hidden in his pocket.

Then, at last, Stalin could go to sleep.

The Mosquito

THE WOODEN WONDER By Edward Bishop. Max Parrish. 16s.

THIS is the story of a magnificent aircraft, one of the surprises of the war in the air. The account is interesting. It is even exciting.

What a pity, then, that in some respects Mr Bishop's book gives an erroneous picture of the development of the Mosquito!

He implies that Lord Beaverbrook, after becoming Minister of Aircraft Production in May 1940, stopped work on the Mosquito.

"In July," says Mr Bishop, "Beaverbrook relented. The Mosquito was 'on' again."

Now it is quite true that the Mosquito was opposed and that



TROTSKY: He had the pride of Lucifer.

As for the legend that Beaverbrook "stopped" the Mosquito in May 1940, this is the result of a complete misreading of Beaverbrook's famous directive giving A.I. priority to five fighters.

This did not affect the Mosquito, which was still in process of development.

And the first order for Mosquitos was given by Lord Beaverbrook. It was given at a time when the Air Ministry was still hostile to the aircraft.

(London Express Service).

MAN OF POWER

with the gleam of a schoolboy
by MICHAEL FOOT

SOMEBODY gave young Alfred Harmsworth a toy printing outfit when he was seven years old.

That was the start of a tremendous story which helped to change the face of twentieth-century Britain.

The boy with printer's ink in his blood first elbowed his way into Fleet Street as a freelance with nothing much else to fortify his ambition but a dazzling smile and an unquenchable curiosity.

Then, at the age of 23, he managed to beg or borrow a few hundred pounds to start a paper of his own. He was off, and he never looked back. Seven years later his company was worth £1,000,000.

Secrets

In his early forties he owned more than half the newspapers issued from the printing houses in London—a position held by no other proprietor before or since. One American ambassador described him as "perhaps the most powerful man living in London."

Those are the bare bones of the Northcliffe saga, reverently retold in an official biography published recently. But read between the lines, remove the dubs of whitewash, and how much remains?

How great was Northcliffe? Well, for good or ill, the man was a giant. No one can doubt it. When he embarked on his first enterprise, Answers, one early visitor was horrified by the "dummy" of the paper. "We're not going to have any adventures," said the young Alfred Harmsworth, quite unembarrassed. "We don't believe in it."

Intuitions

He lived to make a fortune from the advertisers. But they and his managerial departments (he called them "the paper and string" people) were always kept firmly in their place. It was one of his secrets.

His first success with Answers was repeated with almost everything else he touched. The Evening News, the Daily Mail, The Times, not to mention Comic Cuts and many more—rarely had so vast an empire been subdued so quickly by one flashing sword.

J. L. Garvin called him "a Napoleon who would never come."

"Northcliffe," by Reginald Pound and Geoffrey Harmsworth (Gassell).

to his Moscow." And why should he not believe it?

If his success had been chiefly due to the exploitation of journalistic techniques—the short paragraph, the serial story, the woman's page, photography, the telephone—larger themes and intuitions had sometimes appeared on his horizon.

The plane

No one foresaw the future of the motor-car and the airplane more perspicaciously than Northcliffe. Before 1914 he was fiercely denounced as a warmonger for his warnings about the menace of German militarism. Soon those warnings made him look like a major prophet.

Moreover, this Napoleon, like his predecessor, could win fervent allegiance on the Left as well as on the Right. He was a Jingo, but a Radical Jingo. He had, said H. G. Wells, "the gleam of the ineradicable schoolboy."

No match

Northcliffe did indeed put his imprint on the Britain of the First World War and the aftermath; much of the mood was dictated by his strident patriotism or what, later, H. G. Wells castigated as a "pogrom spirit." Much of the bravest and most famous of his exploits was his exposure of Kitchener and the shell scandal—written with his own hand and costing the Daily Mail, apart from the bonuses on the Stock Exchange, an immediate drop of 235,000 in circulation.

The change in his fortunes was not due only to the persistent brainstorms, the encroaching megalomania—at least this must have played its part. The truth is that Northcliffe, the man of brilliant moods, was no match for an operator like Lloyd George.

So Lloyd George was able in the end to outguess, with impunity and amid the cheers of a Tory House of Commons, the "diseased vanity" of the great newspaper proprietor.

Northcliffe was left with only one consolation—a last flash of that searing intuition. He did not get his seat at the Peace Conference; he did not get the Kaiser hanged; he did not make Germany pay. But he did at least foresee that Lloyd George would be "tied hand and foot to the Junkers of the Tory 'old gang' Party."

He was not allowed to relish the revenge. By the time Lloyd

George was knifed, Northcliffe himself had gone mad and died.

I have left to the last the most curious, almost comic story of a Northcliffe failure. Way back in 1908 he paid £250,000 to buy The Times, then with a circulation of no more than 38,000. This, maybe, was the most deadly cause of his mounting frenzy. He had shot the albatross and for the rest of his life he could not get it off his neck.

He quarrelled with editors and appointed new ones. He bombarded the management, raised the circulation, rescued the whole drooping enterprise.

But he never understood, or bent to his will, the Black Friars, as he called them, of Printing House Square. They drew their cowl about their heads before this horrific intrusion, and the mighty Northcliffe never discovered how to pierce so impenetrable an armour.

The editor insisted on his "independence." "Would indeed," moaned Northcliffe, "that The Times were independent. It has about as much independence on certain matters as Foreign Office hall porters or a Bond Street picture dealer's assistant."

The truth was that The Times offended his deepest and best instincts as a newspaperman. A newspaper's business was to print the news; it should not be got at by the high and the mighty. In short, for all his clumsy forays into Right-wing politics, Northcliffe detested "the old gang," his rude name for what was politely called the Establishment.

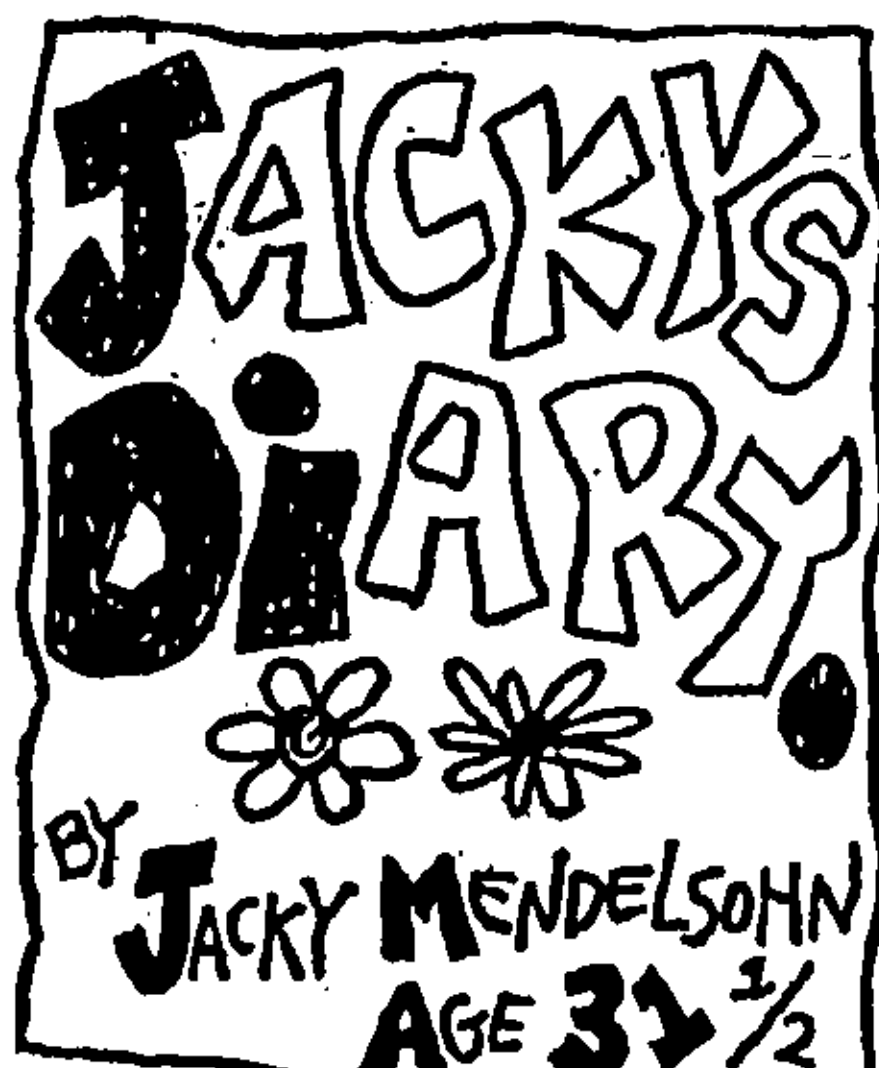
Enduring

He resented their contempt for the ordinary people whose pennies had made his millions; he loathed their snobbery and often remarked on their imbecile disregard for the rising world of Labour.

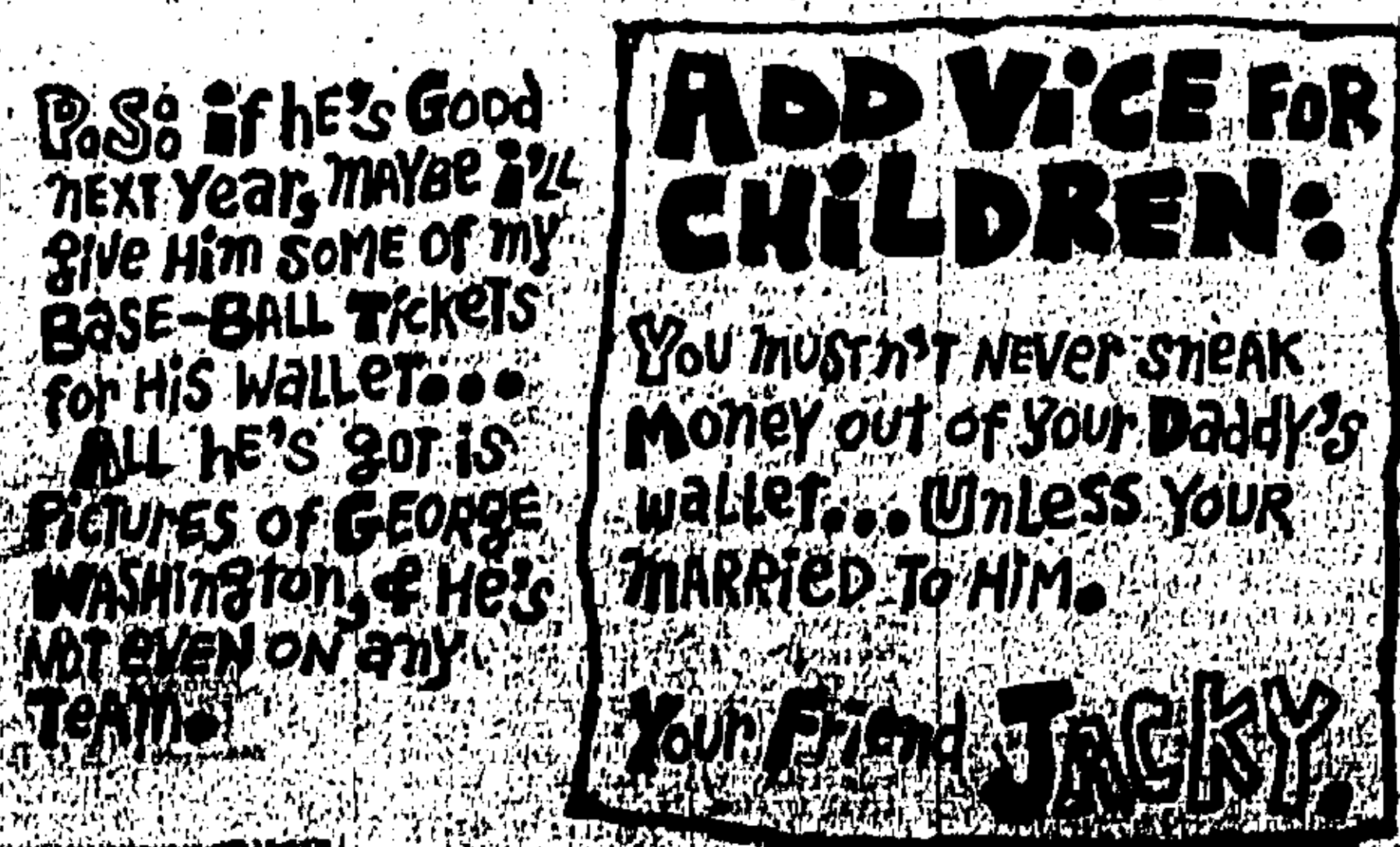
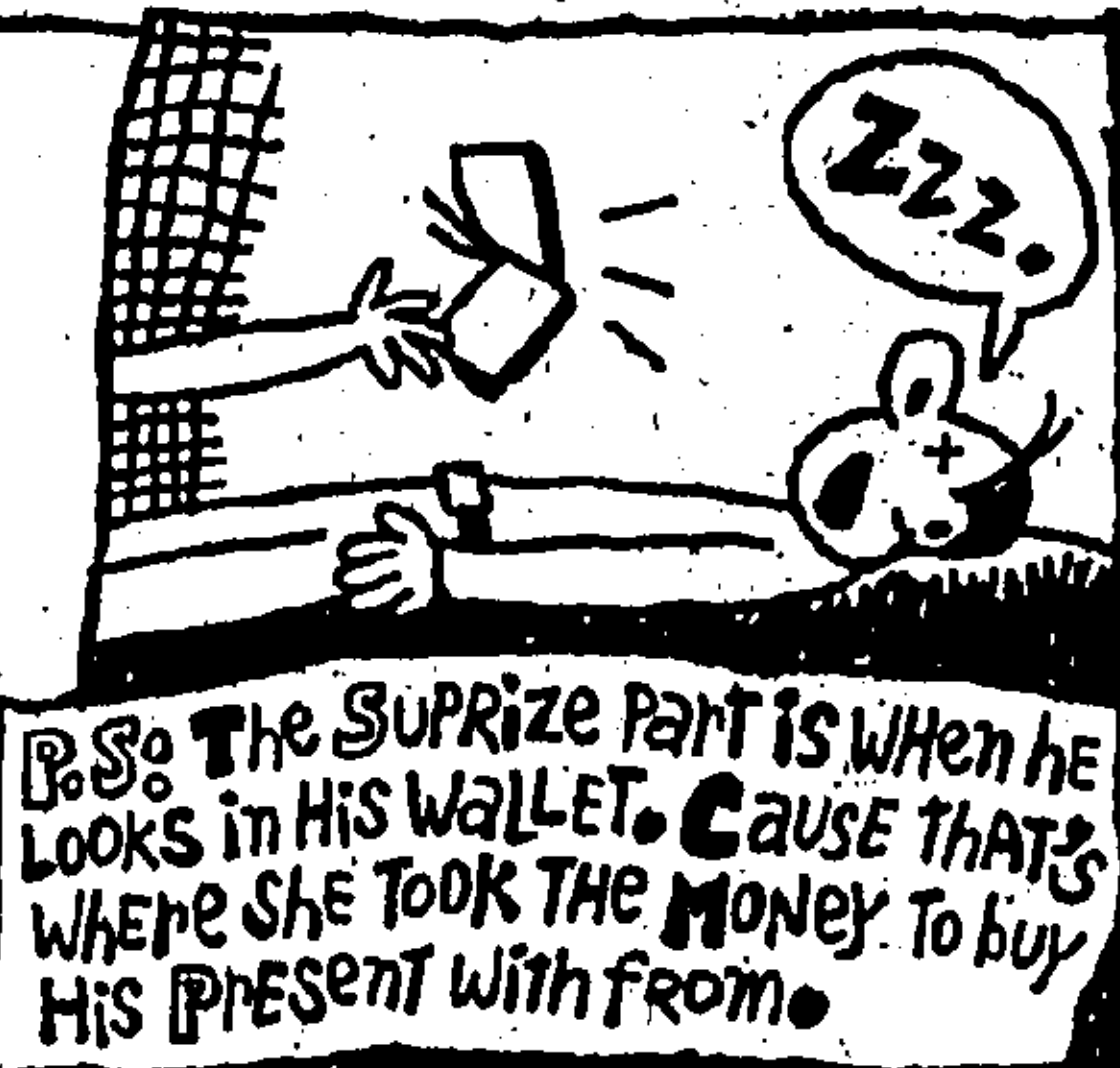
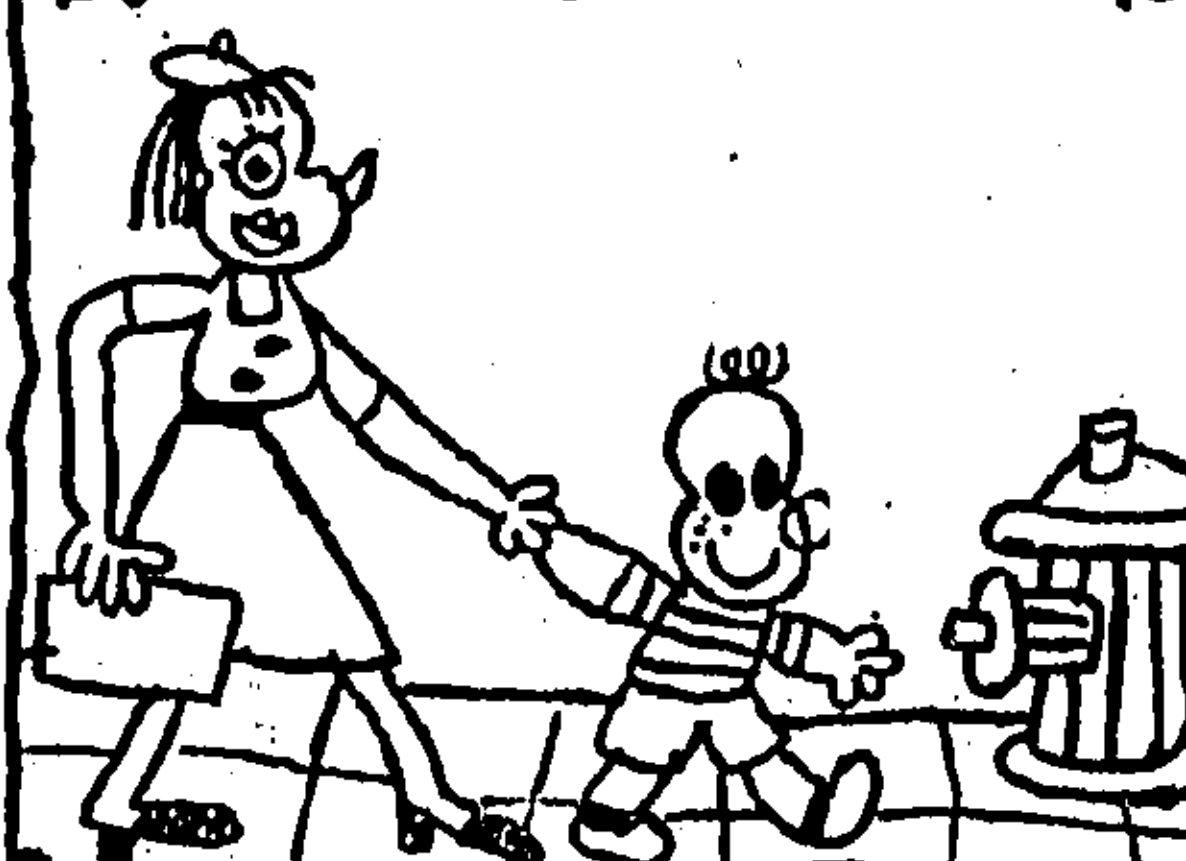
But they got him down in the end and by a final irony it was on his plan that any future disposal of the ownership of The Times was bestowed on a charitable trust on which all the Establishment's chief potentates were to be perpetually represented.

Such was the last, enduring bequest to the British nation of the brash adventurer who made the newspaper revolution—the Times of yesterday, today, and tomorrow, guaranteed for ever against all the changes and convulsions of eternity.

It was as if Napoleon on St Helena had "texted" his apologies to the Bourbons.



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Weekend League Lawn Bowls

TODAY'S GAMES NOT LIKELY TO PRODUCE ANY CHANGES IN TOP-OF-THE-TABLE POSITIONS

By ROBERT TAY

Today's Colony lawn bowls league programme will not in all likelihood produce any substantial changes in the respective positions of the contending teams for the championship honours of all the three divisions of the league.

In the first division games, league-leading Indian Recreation Club "A" will be guests of Filipino Club at the Kowloon Green Club, and although the Filipino bowlers have established themselves as the most improved team in this division, the chances of their upsetting the Indians must be considered rather remote.

A 4-1 if not a 5-0 result in favour of the Indians is indicated here, but the Indians may do well to bear in mind that the Filipino twelve are a team of very plucky bowlers and have among them at least two match-winning players in skips Tommy Castillano and Cesar Coelho.

Although they will start as heavy favourites in this game, the Indians cannot afford to relax or take it easy as the Filipinos are fully capable of giving them a close fight if not of winning.

Second-placed Kowloon Dock Club will be featured in the other main match of the first division when they take on Kowloon Bowling Green Club also at the Austin Road venue. Eleven points behind the Indians with one game in hand, the dockmen, who are the only remaining challengers to the Indians, cannot afford to lose this game and must win by at least a 4-1 margin to maintain their challenge.

The KBOC twelve will be slightly weakened this afternoon by the absence of G. Leslie but are as usual an unpredictable team as far as form is concerned.

This was fully in evidence again recently when after defeating Recreation "A" by 4-1, they went down to Talkoo Club by 3-2 to give Talkoo their first win of the season.

On the whole, the Kowloon Dock twelve play a more consistent brand of bowls and are a much better balanced team. Unless the Bowling Club come off with one of their rare top forms the odds for a 4-1 win are strongly in favour of the dock side.

In the other first division matches Recreation "A" may prove too strong for Talkoo Club and Kowloon Cricket Club who will

entertain Craigengower Cricket Club will have to fight very hard to salvage one point from this game.

IRC "B", who seem destined to be relegated into the second division next season, will be at home to Recreation "B" and despite the fact that they put up a very good fight against the same opponents in the first encounter, it does not seem likely that they can take more than one point from this match.

Main Highlight

Main highlight of the second division games will be provided by the clash at Happy Valley between league-leading Hongkong Football Club and the fast-improving second-placed USRC twelve. N. Hart-Baker's four have so far played the major part in USRC's triumphs, and although this combination can hold their own against any HKFC four this afternoon, I doubt very much if the other two USRC fours are capable of standing up to the superior all-round strength of the other HKFC fours.

The footballers are good for a 4-1 if not a 5-0 win here to almost assure themselves of the second division title.

The third division games see league-leading Hongkong Electric Club take on Craigengower Cricket Club at the Valley. Four points appear to be well in hand for the HKFC team to boost their total to 37.

The best match in this division, however, will be that between second-placed Stanley Club and third-placed Indian Recreation Club at Stanley.

Although the Stanley Club will start with a tremendous advantage in playing at home, I feel that the Indians can offset this with their slightly superior bowling ability and regain their second place in the league table with four points from this match.

World Title Fight Off?

By DAVID JACK

Now that September 22 has been settled for the return world heavyweight title fight between Ingemar Johansson and Floyd Patterson, I can let you into a secret. This scrap, expected to draw a million-dollar gate, may not happen!

I am told from America that Patterson is suffering from constant earaches and dizzy spells, a legacy, no doubt, of the hammering he took when Johnson relieved him of the title.

So serious is this condition that the glamorous Mrs Patterson wants him to quit the fight game.

So it looks like a tug of war between Mrs P. and the promoter. If Patterson does fight, you can be sure that money talks... and the mauler has lost her fight.

LONDON-PARIS RACE WINNER



The Blériot anniversary contest for the fastest time between London and Paris concluded on Thursday with Squadron Leader Charles Maughan of the Royal Air Force as the winner of the £5,000 first prize.

The Air Force officer set his record time of 40 minutes 44 seconds on Wednesday.

Photo shows Squadron Leader Maughan flanked by two motor-cyclists who helped him in the attempt, on his arrival at the Marble Arch checkpoint in Paris during his record trip. — Central Press Photo.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Ingemar Johansson, the man who flattened Floyd Patterson in the space of two and a half rounds, answers some blunt questions put to him in Sweden.

Did you always want to be a boxer?

I have always aimed at it.

When you ever afraid of it hurting?

The whole idea is not to get hurt, but I don't mind pain, it's that what you mean. And my policy is to get out of this business in a whole piece.

What gave you your first interest in boxing?

Watching fights when I was a kid, I guess.

How much do you consider you have made out of boxing?

About 2½ million Swedish kronor, including the New York match. As I've been in the ring as a professional for a total of six hours and seven minutes my wage has been something like \$26,500 an hour in British currency.

If you had your time over again, what would you choose to be?

Have Everything

I'd be a boxer once more, but I'd begin sooner, with proper training. What would have become of me if there hadn't been any boxing? I shudder in my shoes at the mere thought.

I have got it all—money, a good position in life, even education. I have, in fact, become a new man.

Did it ever worry you that your face would be disfigured?

I don't care much about my face. It's what's behind it that counts, and I mean to look after that.

What do you think of K. the ring?

To get the other fellow down. Do you have to work up a hate against your opponent?

Never. To me boxing is a science. You can't keep your brain cool if you hate.

How long would Floyd Patterson have lasted had he not given you that "bad look"?

Two and a half rounds. Have you ever been married?

Once before.

Have you any children?

Two daughters. The oldest is nine and they live in Gothenburg.

When do you plan to marry your fiancée, Birgit?

We're not engaged yet.

Does she worry about you when you fight?

Never.

When in your view, was the world's greatest boxer?

Marciano was a good chap.

What is the secret of your "killer" right-hand punch—muscle or timing?

I don't know. It always seems to be there at the right time. It's automatic—perhaps you might call it a reflex. I improve it with practice.

In training I try to make it so fast they will never see it coming.

When did you first become aware of its power?

In my first real match, when I was 16 I floored a boxer many years my senior.

Do you think boxing is a civilised way of making a living?

Certainly, if you give up in time.

Have you ever lost a fight?

When I was an amateur. But never as a professional.

What is your score to date?

Twenty-two matches won.

In the 1955 Olympics heavyweight final you were thrown out of the ring for not trying—what happened?

Inexperienced

I was only 19, inexperienced, still not hardened. My opponent was bigger and taller and, like me, a counter-puncher. When he stepped forward, I stepped back. I waited for him to lead and he waited for me. The referee might just as easily have thrown him out instead.

Do you have any other business interests?

I have a road construction business with caterpillars, tractors and other dirt-shifting equipment. I also run a tawler called "Ingo."

Do you have expensive tastes?

No, I am very frugal in all things.

Where do you live?

In Gothenburg. Just now I'm building a villa outside the town. It will have all the modern conveniences including a gym.

When do you intend to retire?

When Gösta Carlsson, my doctor, tells me to. I will say one thing, however: the day I feel that I am going down and the brain is no longer up-to-date then I lay off definitely. I shall not go one match too many.

Is there any heavyweight today whom you think might take your title?

Anybody's welcome to try.

Do you watch films of your fights?

Ashamed

For the past three years I have had all my matches filmed.

When I see some of them I feel ashamed. Why did I deliver my right so wrongly?

Why didn't I take another step forward?

Do you study films of your opponents' fights?

Generally I am rather afraid of seeing films of prospective opponents. One might work out some special punches to meet them and then they could surprise you with something quite a different style.

One only gets to know one's opponent in the ring. It's there that one must work out one's tactics.

Do you take part in any other sports?

Yes, lawn tennis, golf and bowling—and soon I hope to pass my test for a pilot's licence.

Do you smoke or drink?

Neither.

Would you like your son to be a boxer?

It depends on the sort of right he'd have.

Have you any secret fear?

I don't want to be punched drunk when I retire.

Are you really as cool a character as you appear?

They all say so, and is there anything really worth worrying about?

HENRY LONGHURST on GOLF

COSTLY TOYS

The first practical and determined effort to introduce into England the electric "buggies" so popular on American golf courses has been made by the Newmarket firm of caravan and boat builders who promoted the Sprite tournament at Selsdon Park.

Two professionals, Harry Weetman and Henry Cotton, are also concerned.

The buggies were not used in the tournament itself, but interested parties were able to take sample joy rides round the paths in the hotel garden.

The present model is not claimed to be perfect—its two pedals are at the moment rather clumsily arranged—but it will carry two people and their clubs for 30 holes before recharging.

'Buggy Stable'

My own principal experience of these contrivances, which I hope will be repeated on a neighbouring course in the Callington desert next November, was at the Ryder Cup match four years ago at the Thunderbird Club. Here they had a vast "buggy stable" housing more than 200, with two men in white overall employed permanently to look after them and put them on charge at night. Most were privately owned, though a few were on hire, and some were incredibly elaborate affairs with tasselled awnings like howdahs.

Though the course was almost flat, nearly all the members used them and a local rule, which I have often quoted, declared that "the player on foot has no standing on the course."

Another rule compelled them to take out eddies as well and these marched ahead with the putters, held the flag, and fetched the buggies from the rough and took them round to the next tee.

I played a round on one and found it both amusing and insidious. The members also used them for cutting on each other and for driving home, and Bing Crosby, it was said, was constantly getting stuck through lack of cutting halfway up the hill to his bungalow.

Controversy

The buggy in England will arouse much controversy and a good deal of automatic opposition, mostly on the general ground of "what is the game coming to?" Many clubs will doubtless ban it outright on account of possible damage to the course. The practice in America is to drive only in the rough—which at most country clubs is cut short, since it interferes with the members' play. But on many heath and bracken courses this might be impracticable. Though one buggy leaves little or no mark, the fact that even hand-pulled trolleys have now formed regular tracks indicates that buggies in the mass would certainly do so.

Still, there is much to be said on the other side. The very cost—£200 now, decreasing possibly with home and export orders to £225—would drastically limit the numbers and should ensure the fear that golfers as a species might in the end lose the use of their legs. To hire one would probably cost about £3 a day; in other words, no more than caddies for two people.

Impressive Aspect

For many an older player, for the middle aged threatened with the fashionable "heart" and for the semi-disabled possession of a buggy would bring a new lease of golfing life. And would be a cheerful committee indeed that barred its use. In such cases, though it would not be unreasonable to do so in competitions.

I do not think the argument that it would speed up the game will hold water, for it would be tedious for the foot-slogging "gone through" by the motorised few, while it the motorists

keep their place there is naturally no speeding up.

One aspect of the buggy, and perhaps its most impressive, seems never to have been mentioned, namely its use as a vehicle for watching golf. I watched the Ryder Cup from a frisky little single seater and never had such a time in my life, scooting across to see a couple of drivers here, nipping back for a couple of second shots there, and generally seeing perhaps six times as much of the match as would be possible for the most energetic enthusiast on foot.

Though I personally cannot envisage the day when buggies will be as thick on the ground here as in America, those who dismiss them out of hand may remember that it is not so many years ago that Lord Brabazon pulled the first trolley down the first hole at St Andrews and was widely ridiculed for his pains.

Now every course in the land is infested with these faintly ludicrous and undoubtedly time-wasting devices. The time may yet come when we ride round the links in expensive toys—and then, I suppose, walk to work to get some exercise.

SPORTS TRAIL



"Hanshaw! Do you think you could take just a fraction more interest in the race?"

London Express Service.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. What sport do you associate with the Schneider Trophy?
2. Where does an albatross breed on an eagle?
3. What is an epee?
4. Which sport was once called "Sphairistiké"?
5. Who is the new world bantamweight champion?
6. How many men have won the World Championship of motor-racing? And what are their names?
7. Which international race between men and women has been won for the past two years by Greta Andersen?
8. Which was the first country to win (a) the Canada Cup, (b) the World Soccer Cup, (c) the Davis Cup?
9. Which world heavyweight boxing champion won the title on a foul?
10. What is the difference between the off-side rule in hockey and in soccer?

(Answers on page 17)

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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Some Basic Talent And Lots Of Hard Work Are The Ingredients Of Champions

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

(Writing from Sydney)

The language of sport is indeed universal. No matter where one travels there is always a common meeting ground when sportsmen get together.

I have already found this to be so in many parts of the world. Now I know it is as true of Sydney as it is of London, Glasgow, Singapore, Tokyo.....or Hongkong.

Since arriving in this great city last Friday week I have had a wonderful opportunity to meet some fine Australian sportsmen and to see some of the country's ordinary exponents, in several different activities, performing. Only a fool would seek to pass judgment on the strength of a casual look at any country's sport. . . . but similarly only a fool, or a very inexperienced observer, could fail to sense the surging enthusiasm for sport which exists in Australia today.

I stood at a street corner the other day and watched an electric news sign, high on the top of a building, blaring out the latest happenings of the world at

large. As this modern teleprinter in lights unfolded its stories great crowd of ordinary people watched as I did. Not for them, however, was interest centred in the affairs of state or government, or in the daily important international deliberations of the day. They wanted to know how Australia was progressing in the Davis Cup match in Mexico . . . and how new driver Jack Brabham was faring in the British Grand Prix.

An Eye-Opener

As each item of sports news was released it brought a cheer or a groan from the watchers according to its

favourability or otherwise to Australia and it was an eye-opener to be a spectator at this scene of nationally-minded sportsmen who take their sport very seriously indeed.

In the more practical sense I have had an opportunity of seeing some of the present activities in Sydney. In a few appointments-packed days I have managed to see a First Division soccer match, a wrestling programme, gothic flashing round Sydney's famous harbour and under its equally famous bridge in a speedboat . . . and watched some professional boxing.

I have also enjoyed the privilege of talking sport with some of the men behind the progressive and ambitious plans which are making the modern Australians into a race of international greats. . . . Into a race in fact of international conquerors. Their attitude to sport is simple enough but it just bubbles with a burning enthusiasm to make this a country of champions. I said their attitude is simple and I must explain why I say so.

Let me quote the coach at a tennis club which I visited in the suburbs of Sydney.

"Sport today has reached the pitch where few individuals can reach world status on their own. The big names in every game and in every sporting pursuit have achieved their present position because they had basic ability and a desire to have that ability moulded along the right lines by expert coaches.

Example The Guide

"Here in Australia we have managed to make progress in swimming, athletics and tennis because we have instilled a spirit of determination into the youth of the country. The youngsters have now had the chance to see what can be done internationally by ordinary players or performers like themselves. . . . provided they are willing to dedicate every moment of their spare time to hard work.

"The youth of Australia knows how our champions of today reached the top. They know that because people like me, never stop telling them. Example is a great guide and if every youngster who picks up a tennis racket sees himself as a future Lew Hoad, or every schoolboy runner imagined he is burning up the track like Herb Elliott, or every swimmer is a Henricks, or even every batsman is a Bradman then Australia will go on making the world headlines just as it did the other day when Jack Brabham put himself in the position of favourite for the World Driving Championship by winning the British Grand Prix.

"Success for their country is the finest encouragement youth can have."

Manager Biddles and trainer Charley Fox were also among those who accompanied Bassey to Los Angeles when he flew via New York, on Tuesday for this, a vitally important fight in which he and Moore each get 30 p.c. of the gate, TV, radio, and film fees. It could amount to £20,000 apiece.

Help To Fighters

This return with Moore, negro son of a Springfield, Ohio, pastor, will be held in the newly opened Los Angeles Sports Arena, which seats 22,000 and is believed to be the largest indoor boxing stadium in the world.

It has exactly twice the capacity of Wembley's indoor pool.

The mushroom-shaped arena is air-conditioned (a help to the fighters in Los Angeles's summer heat) and every seat is cushioned, tip-up type.

It shares a car park (with space for 30,000 cars) with the adjoining 100,000 - capacity Memorial Coliseum, site of the 1932 Olympic Games, where the Floyd Patterson-Johnny Johnson return took place. It was staged, according to U.S. reports, recently.

AN EX-CHAMPION'S GENEROSITY



HOGAN BASSEY

Bassey Pays £600 For Friend To Be At The Big Fight

By HARRY CARPENTER

London. WHEN Nigerian featherweight Hogan Kid Bassey flew out from Liverpool to Los Angeles last Tuesday for his world title fight with America's Davey Moore he was accompanied by the man who befriended him when he first stepped on these shores seven years ago.

Bassey is paying, between £600 and £700 out of his own pocket so that Israel Boyle, a Nigerian welterweight, now working in the Liverpool docks, can be at his side on August 19, when Bassey attempts to regain the crown that Moore took from him last March.

This great-hearted gesture, so typical of the generous little ex-champion, is in return for Boyle's coaching and companionship over the years.

Looked After Me

Boyle, nearing 40, was one of the first Nigerians to come here in the great post-war invasion of British rings by Commonwealth fighters.

He had a successful career and in 1952 twice beat the then up-and-coming Bristol youngster, Terry Ratcliffe.

Bassey told me: "Israel met me off the boat when I landed in Liverpool. In 1952 he looked after me, shared digs with me, helped me with my boxing, and has been like a father to me ever since."

What Bassey didn't tell me, but which his manager George Biddles confirms, is that Boyle has been on the Bassey pay-roll ever since Bassey became Empire champion in 1955.

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



London Express Service.

did I hear him express any disapproval: always he coaxed the pupil to 'try doing it this way' and never was he reluctant to offer a word of praise when he felt it was justified.

Ambition

That is one side of the picture. On the other side are the youngsters themselves. They are sparked with a real feeling of ambition and I watched one teenage girl tucked away in a corner with a racket and ball playing the same stroke over and over again. I was at the club for the best part of an hour and I did not see her do anything else. She practised and rested; practised and rested and then practised some more.

I asked the coach about her and he told me that she had been a strong favourite to win a recent junior competition but had failed badly due to a weakness in her backhand. He said he had advised her to stop competitive tennis for a bit and get 'into the alley' with a racket and a ball until she had overcome her weakness.

"She is slowly but steadily improving," said the coach, "and I really admire her perseverance. She hates being out of the picture and she has had to bury a lot of her pride to do what she is doing right now. But one day she will probably be a star. She has the right approach to the job in hand."

The Key?

That is the sort of enthusiasm one finds in many places and it would be a minor wonder for Hongkong sport if we could find some way to kindle a like sense of endeavour in the younger members of our community.

Maybe a remark made to me by another sporting official supplies the key to the whole situation. As we watched some youngsters being coached in rugby on a piece of open common this comment was made: "It is becoming more and more difficult to win a championship in Australia. Only the most talented workers have any real hope of major success."

Maybe winning championships in Hongkong is too easy and in consequence the title of 'Champion' has lost its glamour and its appeal.

To switch now to a sport which has not grown up, so to speak, from the localised endeavours of Australians under the guidance of Australians let me mention briefly something about the football match I saw on Saturday.

It was a vital First Division game between APIA and Auburn and each side had the services of a former British internationalist. Joe Morrison, the old Preston North End skipper, performed a similar service for

APIA from the centre-half berth while Len Quetton, who has delighted Huddersfield and Fulham supporters for many years, captained the Auburn side from the inside-left position.

The APIA line-up is an over-ventured mixture of British and mid-European stars who have moved to Australia in recent years and just after this game it was announced that APIA had finalised negotiations for the Egyptian National centre-forward who was flying from Cairo to Sydney to take part in their vital top-of-the-League match next weekend.

A Thriller

Auburn was made up of "British-type" players and they were well coached and prompted by Quetton who scored one brilliant goal.

The game, played on a bumpy pitch, was a thriller with all the eccentricities and hot-blooded trimmings of continental football fully in evidence.

The crowd was the noisiest I have heard in years. It was also the most demonstrative. There was one fracas between rival spectators in the area surrounding the pitch and later there was a minor war when an APIA star was up-ended near the Auburn goal line by the visiting defender opposed to him. The home spectators were on the field in a flash and the police were for a short time until the police made a very neat job of restoring tranquillity. The score fluctuated as first

one side and then the other got on top and, as though to provide the ideal climax, APIA scored the winning goal with what was in fact the last kick of the game. They won 5-4.

It was exciting stuff alright but considering the big names involved the standard was astonishingly low.

Maybe the poor playing surface had something to do with it, or maybe it was the rather small pitch, but Australia will not become a world power in soccer with this sort of stuff.

What Refereeing!

Nevertheless there is tremendous potential in the game. The top clubs, who enjoy considerable financial backing, are not afraid to go after overseas stars and one official gave it to me his opinion that in another five years Australia will be well able to hold her own with all but the elite of the game in a representative sense of course.

One interesting point worth noting is that although Chinese play a very important part in many Australian sporting activities there is only one Chinese player in First Division football in this part of the country. He is Johnny Wong who plays out-side-left for North Side United.

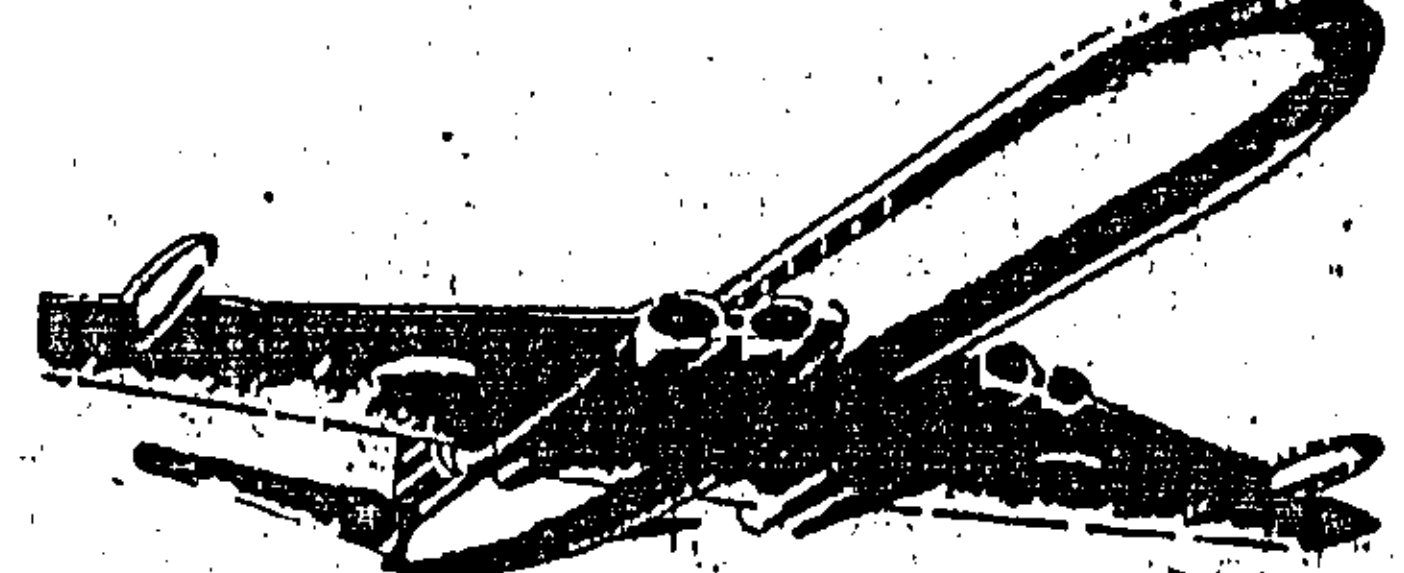
Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Aeroplane racing.
2. In golf. An albatross is three under par; an eagle is two under par.
3. A sword used in fencing.
4. Lawn Tennis.
5. Joe Baccara of Mexico.
6. Four: Giuseppe Farina, Alberto Ascari, Juan Fangio, Mike Hawthorn.
7. The International Cross-Channel Swimming Race—from France to England.
8. (a) Argentina, (b) Uruguay, (c) United States.
9. Max Schmelling. When he beat Jack Sharkey in the 4th round in New York in 1930.
10. In hockey there must be three players, including the goalkeeper, between the goal line and the player receiving the pass; in soccer there need be only two including the goalkeeper.

Sports Diary

TODAY
1st Division: Huddersfield "A" v. Tottenham "B"; Huddersfield "B" v. Tottenham "A"; Huddersfield "C" v. Tottenham "C".
2nd Division: Preston "A" v. Ipswich Town; Ipswich Town v. Preston.
3rd Division: Oxford United v. Huddersfield "C"; Huddersfield "C" v. Oxford United.
League 1st Division: Huddersfield "A" v. Tottenham "A"; Tottenham "A" v. Huddersfield "A".
League 2nd Division: Tottenham "B" v. Huddersfield "B"; Huddersfield "B" v. Tottenham "B".
League 3rd Division: Tottenham "C" v. Huddersfield "C"; Huddersfield "C" v. Tottenham "C".
Swimming: Annual swimming gala, Dockyard Pool.

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THE GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



"But when in JAPAN, do as the Japanese do."

HOT WATER



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CHINA MAIL

Page 18

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1959.

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INDIA IN BAD POSITION

Suggested Team For West Indies

London, July 24.
The MCC today announced the names of 29 players who have been asked whether they will be available to tour the West Indies during the coming winter.

The selection committee met last night to choose the first list of names from whom the eventual 15 or 16 will come. The 29 asked are:
David Allen (Gloucestershire), Keith Andrew (Northamptonshire), Trevor Bailey (Essex), Ken Barrington (Surrey), Tom Cartwright (Warwickshire), Brian Close (Yorkshire), Colin Cowdrey (Kent), Ted Dexter (Sussex), Geoffrey Evans (Kent), Tom Greenough (Lancashire), Ray Illingworth (Yorkshire), Peter Lander (Surrey), Tony Lock (Surrey), Peter May (Surrey), Arthur Milton (Gloucestershire), John Mortimore (Gloucestershire), Alan Moss (Middlesex), Jim Murray (Middlesex), Gilbert Parkhouse (Gloucestershire), Geoff Pullar (Lancashire), Harold Rhodes (Derbyshire), Peter Richardson (Kent), David Sayer (Kent), Mike Smith (Warwickshire), Brian Statham (Lancashire), Haman Subba Row (Northamptonshire), Roy Swetman (Surrey), Ken Taylor (Yorkshire), Freddie Trueman (Yorkshire).

The only player who has appeared for England this season not in the list is Martin Horton, the Worcestershire all-rounder who was in the first two tests against India.
OMITTED
Others with reasonable claims who have been omitted are John Edrich (Surrey), Tom Graveney (Gloucestershire), Maurice Hillman (Kent), and Jim Parks (Sussex).
Peter Richardson, the former Worcestershire and England opening batsman now with Kent has played very little first class cricket this season but he is obviously still in the minds of the selectors. They have to find probably three opening batsmen and apart from Pullar the positions are still very much open. Milton and Taylor discarded after the first two tests against India are also named.
Presumably Roy Swetman the current choice will be one of the wicket-keepers. The other place goes to either Evans, Murray or Andrew. Bailey, Lander and Lock, former England stars who have not played for England this season, are still in the running. The final choice for the tour will probably be made on August 25 or 26. This is just after the fifth Test against India at the Oval.—A.P.F.

Follow-On Almost Certain

Manchester, July 24.
The fourth Test at Manchester has followed the pattern of the first three and at the end of the second day England having reached a total of 490, look certain to compel India to follow on tomorrow.

The touring team have lost six wickets for only 127 runs and standing 303 runs behind want another 214 to make England bat again.
The India bowlers were well and truly mastered and a record total would have been possible but during the lunch interval Colin Cowdrey must have given the order that he wanted 500 as quickly as possible.
The remaining England batsmen proceeded to hit freely and in the next hour the last six wickets went down for the addition of 73.

No Doubt

If there were any doubts about the class of Mike Smith after his consistently brilliant batting this season this latest century, his fifth in successive matches, must have removed them.

Smith almost certainly convinced the selectors that he is now one of the best cricketers in the country.
The two Indian opening bowlers, Ramna Desai and Surendranath, gave Smith and Ken Barrington a testing half hour first thing when England added only 15 but as soon as Subhash Gupte entered the attack Smith showed his full range of strokes, helping himself to 14 in one over.

Anchored

Dexter handicapped himself by keeping his right foot anchored inside the crease while stretching forward and often he preferred to use his pads instead of his bat.
Curiously enough Dexter fell immediately after lunch when Surendranath took the new ball. But Barrington drove and swept with tremendous power, getting his last 34 runs in six overs off the new ball, until attempting a violent hook at a short ball he was leg before.
So Barrington still awaits his maiden 100 in his four innings for England this summer which have brought him the following scores: 59, 90, 80 and 87. He made his 87 in three hours and besides two sixes he hit 11 fours.
The biggest disappointment for the northern crowd of 13,000 was the failure of Freddie Trueman who was bowled middle stump by the only ball he received.
India owed much to Surendranath for another wholehearted bowling effort. It was a

A Promising Young Pianist

By ERNST GOTTSCHALK

There was evidence of earnest endeavour in the pianoforte playing of Miss Sothie Duraisamy, for she proved herself quite able and musical yesterday afternoon at Paramount Ballroom in a programme which included a sonata by Beethoven and Schumann and compositions by Debussy and Poulenc.

Her fingers were inclined to play over the surface both here and there. In Beethoven's "Pathétique" as well as in Liszt's third Concert Study, one would have wished for a more sturdy tone and personal approach. In fact there was no convincing that her general technical equipment was not of the strongest.

But there were many sympathetic musical gestures in her phrasing, especially in the difficult G minor sonata by Schumann and in the prelude by Debussy, where she also had mostly the right feeling for the appropriate tempi. That could, however, not be said of the adagio of the "Pathétique" which she played rather like an amateur, thus missing much of the emotional content of that famous movement.

SOME PROMISE

As a whole, her playing of the modern French composers aroused rather more interest than that of the German classics and romantics. That went in particular for the "Suite Napoli" by Poulenc in which she concluded her recital, giving some promise for her future career as a concert pianist.

sympathetic young Ceylonese artist, who is now residing in Malaya, received the friendly applause of a not too numerous audience.

'Cinderella' Quest By Colony Radio Man

Popular Hongkong announcer, Nick Kendall, left Hongkong this morning for a short visit to the United States with an unusual bag load of clothes.
Inside were three cheongsams. They will be given away on television programmes in the States to the girl who fits them best.

Mr. Kendall, who is a member of the staff of the new Hongkong commercial broadcasting station will be taking messages of goodwill to the Chinese language radio stations of San Francisco.

First Wicket

The two batsmen put on 40 before Barrington claimed his first wicket in Test cricket by slicing Nadkarni's defence. With Dexter falling in length the England attack was shattered. There was no excuse for India's failure on an ideal pitch for batting. On this form England may well win tomorrow, once again with two days to spare.—A.P.F.

Surrey And Warwick Fail To Gain Points

London, July 24.
Surrey and Warwickshire, the top two teams in the English county cricket championship table, both failed to salvage even one point from their matches which ended today.

Warwickshire were heavily defeated by Glamorgan at Neath. Such a result did not seem possible when the last day's play began but Warwickshire's play collapsed in their second innings after Glamorgan had declared with a one run lead.

They were tumbled out for 61. Glamorgan's medium pace bowler, Don Shepherd, returning the remarkable analysis of 12 overs, seven maidens, nine runs, five wickets.

Left to get 61 to win Glamorgan hit off the runs in 47 minutes to win by nine wickets.

Surrey drew their away game against Northamptonshire after being in danger of defeat at one stage. The champions, 123 behind on first innings, were 130 for six in their second but a succession of plucky innings by tallied batsmen averted the crisis.—Ruter.

REDIFFUSION

H. T. M. Morning Medley: 11.30, Seamus Forgue, Seamus, 12.30, News, 12.35, P. M. Composer Cavalcade, 1.15, Weather, News and Special Announcements, 1.30, Lunchtime Music, 2.30, Saturday Requests—Ron Ross, 3.30, Official Detective—Episode 1, 4.30, Songs of the Prairie, 4.50, Royal Parade, 5.15, Birthdays Mailbag, 5.30, Melody, 5.45, The Stars—Melody, 6.00, Haynes, Helen Forrest, 6.15, Jazzward Bound—Jack Benici, 6.30, Words and Music—John Grant, 6.45, Time and News, 6.50, Weather, 6.55, Parade, 6.55, Palace of Varieties, 7.00, Crime Club, 7.10, Dance Party, 7.15, Ray Connery, 7.15, 7.30, Press, 7.35, Gianni Monese and Orchi, 7.45, Criminals, 7.50, On the day's play of 4th Test at Old Trafford, by Alex Alston, John Arden, 8.00, Musical Interlude, 8.15, Midnight, Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. Highway Patrol, 2.30, The Cantor Show, 3.00, The Hayter, 3.15, Cantonese Feature, 3.30, Liang Fuen and Lam Shek, 3.45, News, 3.50, The Boat Annie, 4.00, Children's Hour, 4.15, 4.30, Shadows, 4.45, Animals, 4.50, Children's Feature, 5.00, Close Down, 5.15, Life of Riley, 5.30, Variety Show, 5.45, Naked City, 6.00, Bob Cummings Show, 6.15, Chuck, 6.30, The Double Life of Harry Morgan, 6.45, News, 6.50, Helmut Dantine, Jean Sullivan, 7.00, "Escape in the Desert", 7.15, Late Night Final, Close Down.

REPLIES: Mr Lau Tok Wah and Pro Bono Publico: Enough said.—Ed.
Answer to "Did It Really Happen?" is—YES.

Australia Lead 2-0 In Davis Cup

Montreal, July 24.
Australia's young Davis Cup team moved a step closer to the challenge round today, beating Canada in both singles matches to take a 2-0 lead in the best-of-five North American zone semi-final series.
Slender Roy Emerson, No. 3 man on the Aussie team, easily disposed of Canada's No. 2 player, Don Fontana in straight sets, 6-2, 6-2, 6-4.
Then Rod Laver, the 20-year-old new darling of the Australian tennis picture, defeated Canadian champion Bob Bedard, 6-0, 6-3, 6-3.
The Australians, striving to win the cup they lost to the United States last December, can clinch the series in tomorrow's doubles.

Non-playing captains, Harry Hopman of Australia and Lorne Maln of Canada, each named their doubles combinations directly after the final singles matches. Emerson will team with Neale Fraser, the 25-year-old ace of the Australian team, to meet Bedard and Fontana.

Rain stopped play in the opening singles in Milan when Italy and Spain began their European Zone final.

Orlando Sirola, of Italy, led Juan Couder, of Spain, 3-2 in the fifth set when play was halted.

Scores in the first four sets (Couder first) were 6-2, 6-0, 6-7, 6-2.

Winners of the tie, which will now be completed on Monday, meet the American zone winners, UPI, and Ruter.

Bismarck Film

London, July 24.
The man who told German speaking people throughout the world that the battleship Bismarck had been sunk in May, 1941, and that the German Admiral Lutjens was dead, is to play the admiral in a film called "Sink the Bismarck".

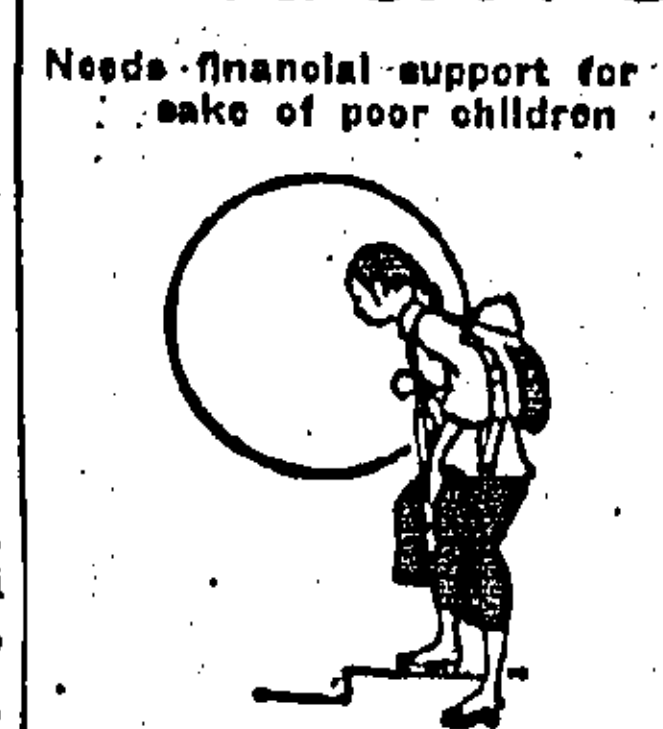
He is Czech-born Karel Stepanek, who was employed in the British Broadcasting Corporation's news service during the war broadcasting to foreign countries.

Stepanek will co-star with the Austrian actor Karl Mohnner who will play the part of Captain Lindemann, commander of the Bismarck—China Mail Special.



EXECUTORS and TRUSTEES in the COLONY and the FAR EAST
HONG KONG & SHANGHAI BANK LIMITED
The Trustee Company of The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation Hong Kong.

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For the SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST and the CHINA MAIL, 48 hours before date of publication.

Special Announcements and Classified Advertisements as usual.



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CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH
The Mission to Seamen 40 Gloucester Road. Tel. 7421
8.30 a.m. Holy Communion. 7.00 p.m. Evensong. (Other services arranged at any time by request.)

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STEREO
TK 50U
New!
pe recorder for aural recording playback as well as for playback "prerecorded" GREGO tapes"
Sole Agents: JARDINE, MATHESON & CO., LTD.
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\$1. per Bottle
available at Windsor House & Manson House stores or by telephoning 70281
FREE SAMPLING THIS WEEK
until Saturday 25th July
at **MANSON HOUSE & WINDSOR HOUSE**
DEMONSTRATION STANDS
The Dairy Farm

DUMB ANIMAL APPEAL WEEK

at Gloucester Arcade next Monday to Friday

Shiro (Chim) Ltd. have donated a large lot of chimpanzees and J. Arthur Rank Overseas Film Distributors Ltd. together with Romy & Broadway Theatres are giving 24 pairs of free tickets to the forthcoming Walt Disney Film "Old Yeller".

Come and see Pet dogs, cats, parrots, white mice, guinea-pigs and snakes next week at the Gloucester Arcade.

S.P.C.A. Booklet regarding Pets and Voluntary Helpers badges (for Members), are on sale.



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